



No. 22.—VOL. II.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28, 1893.

SIXPENCE.

By Post, 6½d.

MISS ADA REHAN.

AN APPRECIATION.

There is no denying it, we are a frivolous folk. We admire our tragedians and applaud them, "and all that sort of thing, you know"; but it is the comedians whom we love. And yet—and yet—I wonder whether there is not a false distinction involved in this remark? Are not the good old categories, "tragedy" and "comedy," practically obsolete? Is it not simply the beautiful, the exquisite, that we love, whether it appeal to our sense of humour or of pathos? And do not the sources of laughter and of tears lie much closer to each other than our forefathers were apt to suppose? I declare, at any rate, that though I have never seen Miss Ada Rehan in a professedly pathetic part, the thought of her, if it brings a smile to my lips, tends no less distinctly to bring the tears to my eyes. The absolutely beautiful, in a word, can never be merely and exclusively comic; and Miss Rehan belongs, both by nature and art, to the sphere of the absolutely beautiful.

Let me put the same idea in different, and perhaps more acceptable, words. Is there not one constant quality present in all great acting, whether comic or tragic, and absent from all second-rate work, however respectable? Surely there is. And what do we call that quality? Well, I, for my part, call it Poetry. If you ask me to define what I mean by that term, I fear I must throw logic and even politeness to the winds, and bid you go and find out. Go where? Why, to see Miss Rehan, of course, in anything you please—best of all, perhaps, in some trivial German farce. If, on leaving the theatre, you ask yourself what it is that has made rare and delicate and for ever memorable a piece not intrinsically superior to "The Private Secretary" or "Charley's Aunt," you will probably find it difficult to define in words the intangible, elusive something. It is that something which places Miss Rehan's acting on the very highest artistic level. Suppose, for want of a better, you try my word for it, and call it Poetry.

"We ask not proud Philosophy," cried Campbell to the rainbow, "to teach us what thou art"; and though I don't know that the rainbow has any particular reason to bear Newton a grudge, one does feel it brutal to apply the rude touch of analysis to anything so iridescent and evanescent as Miss Rehan's art. Why make an auctioneer's catalogue of her qualities? Why pick a flower to pieces, petal by petal? Why? Well, in the first place, the Editor's behests must be obeyed, and "copy" must be forthcoming, or the world will come to an end. In the second place, I take a somewhat grim delight in arousing the envy of Posterity;

for, of course, whatever appears in the columns of *The Sketch* is not merely of an age but for all time. Our grandfathers crow over us so irritatingly with their Peg Woffingtons and Kitty Clives, their Mrs. Abingtons and Mrs. Jordans, that I feel an inhuman impulse to take it out of our grandsons. When I think of 1993 my heart is filled with envy. The world of that day, I am sanguine enough to believe, will be a cleaner, fairer, more comfortable and reputable world than this. Our grandsons will have "everything handsome about them"; but one beautiful thing they will not have—they will not have

Ada Rehan. Poor fellows! they will try to console themselves, no doubt, with Katharines and Rosalinds and Valentine Ospreys of their own; but it will be an empty pretence, a hollow mockery. We see through it and deride it in advance. Take notice, Posterity, that there can be but one Ada Rehan, and that she is ours, not yours.

In the first place, what of her features? For my part, I don't know what they are like; they may be beautiful or they may not; I neither know nor care. What I do know is that, except the extremity of grief, which they have never, within my knowledge, had occasion to assume, they can express to perfection every conceivable emotion of feminine humanity, from rage and scorn to the most melting tenderness, from dignified melancholy to hoydenish playfulness. Her eyes are "passionate as an April day"—they can now blaze with anger, now sparkle with merriment, now languish with love. Her grace, whether in repose or in movement, is absolute and unimpeachable. She can do the most daring things—make rushes and bounds, and wild, fantastic, extravagant gestures—without for a moment trenching upon the unbeautiful. Not even the most hideous gowns—for her dressmaker has more than once betrayed her into indescribable enormities of colour and design—can destroy the inborn grace of her bearing. And then her voice—how is one to describe the unique and indescribable? The quality of Sarah Bernhardt's voice is not so elusive. The epithet "golden" conveys

some distant glimmering notion of its quality. But Miss Rehan's organ is at once less artificial and more various. It has something of the mellowness of a fresh, ripe peach with the bloom upon it, while in a long tirade it suggests the flow of those "lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon" whereof the poet sang, who had of all men the most delicate perception for things of pure beauty. It seems to me that there is something characteristically Irish in Miss Rehan's voice. Its range is very great; but in no key is it more irresistible than in that of insinuating cajolery. We are told that Miss Rehan left her native island at the age of five; but I am quite sure that before embarking for America her provident parents must have taken her to kiss the Blarney Stone. In her utterance, as in her movements, she can venture with impunity upon effects which in a woman of ordinary endowment would seem merely grotesque.



Photo by Sarony, New York.

MISS ADA REHAN AS KATHARINE IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

Who does not remember the inarticulate furies of her Katharine, her screams as of a wounded leopardess? Thus she has every physical endowment of the consummate actress; and, so far as they have yet been tested, her mental qualities seem to be no less rare. She is not merely a "leading lady," but a character-actress, capable of the subtlest discrimination

ADA REHAN.

THE WOMAN AND THE ACTRESS.

Those who have the privilege of Miss Rehan's friendship all testify to her great charm of manner off as on the stage. Something of the sweet graciousness of the noble dames whom it has been her lot to personify so often seems to linger about her, and the most casual acquaintance finds in her as delightful and interesting a personality as does her dearest friend or the most influential critic.

Among Mr. Augustin Daly's many talents is that of being able to appreciate and divine genius in the rough. Sixteen years ago he happened to be passing through the town of Albany, U.S., and noticed that at the local theatre was being played Garrick's version of "The Taming of the Shrew." Having nothing better to do with his evening, he went to the play, and made a special note of the talent displayed by Ada Rehan, the young girl taking the part of Bianca. Two years later he saw her act again at the Opera House, New York, and this time playing one of his own plays, "Pique" (which, by-the-way, is one of the few dramas of American origin which aptly reflect the character of American domestic life), in the part of Mary Standish. Mr. Daly, although he had at that time no theatre of his own, immediately engaged Miss Rehan, and in the May of the same year she made her debut in his company at the Olympic Theatre, New York, as Virginie, in her manager's version of Zola's "L'Assommoir."

For the last fourteen years Miss Rehan's life has been one long triumph. She has remained the leading lady of America's leading theatre, playing every kind of part; yet, although few women have won fame so rapidly, or been so signally successful, she has remained entirely simple and unaffected, and has always refused to assume the position of "star."

The American Mrs. Siddons leads the quietest of lives. She inhabits when in the States a pretty flat in New York, where, with the exception of the hours passed at the theatre rehearsing and acting, she spends the life of a studious, thoughtful woman, rather than the feverish existence of a society beauty. Miss Rehan has always been devoted to Shakspeare, and possesses a fine Shaksperian library, and though it is well-nigh impossible to draw her out about her art, she confesses to a special love for the rôles of Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew" and of Rosalind—indeed, all female Shaksperian characters appeal to her in a special degree. But on the stage Miss Rehan seems equally at home in both the old and modern drama, for among her greatest



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Chiswick.

MISS ADA REHAN.

between this personage and that. Her sense of humour is perfect, and her tact—well, very nearly so. Tact is always a delicate matter to handle, for one is bound to set up one's own tact as the standard of perfection. This is manifestly absurd, but no less manifestly inevitable; and my opinion must be taken for what it is worth when I say that in one or two passages of Rosalind her tact seemed to me something less than immaculate. Finally, and above all, Miss Rehan is one of the very few consummate artists in diction on the English-speaking stage. Where she learned the art I cannot guess; probably the gift was born with her, and has been developed simply by the aid of natural intelligence. Certain it is that no Conservatoire in the world ever turned out a greater mistress of the art of "detailing" a speech, giving it light and shade, variety and vitality. And her ear for verse, so far as we have had an opportunity of judging, seems to be perfect. Her delivery of Katharine's great speech, "Fie, fie! unknit that threatening, unkind brow," is the most exquisite piece of verbal music I ever heard. I am never tired of praising it or of hearing it. It is one of the many moments of pure beauty which make one's admiration for Miss Rehan shade off into a still warmer feeling of personal gratitude.

One word in conclusion. Is it possible that Mr. Daly intends to revive "The Hunchback"? Is there not time even yet for wiser, humaner counsels to prevail? It is true that genius can do a great deal towards resurrecting a dead play. Are not our eyes still red with weeping over Eleonora Duse's "Dame aux Camélias"? But in art there are degrees of deadness, and the poetry and humour of Sheridan Knowles are surely as dead as the proverbial door-nail. Kitty Clive said of Garrick: "D—n him, he could act a gridiron"; but can even Miss Rehan put life into a door-nail?

WILLIAM ARCHER.

MUSIC AT THE ROYAL WEDDING.

Dr. Creser has been specially authorised to compose a march and a marriage hymn for the royal wedding. By kind permission of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co., the former will be published in the Wedding Number of *The Sketch*, while the hymn, the words of which have been written by the Rev. S. Flood Jones, will appear in the Wedding Number of the *Illustrated London News*.



Photo by Sarony, New York.

MISS ADA REHAN AS ROSALIND IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."

successes have been Cibber's "Country Girl," Wycherley's "Country Wife," and, again, has had notable triumph when personifying delightful Cousin Val in "The Railroad of Love" and acting in Pinero's "Squire"—a wide range of dramatic art.

Miss Rehan was born in Limerick thirty-three years ago last April, but was brought to the land of the Stars and Stripes when only five years old, her parents settling in Brooklyn, where she was brought up. Although none of her immediate forbears had in any way belonged to the profession, her elder sisters, each in their turn, became actresses, and so from early childhood Ada was surrounded by a theatrical atmosphere. Her first appearance was made in New Jersey, when she was only thirteen years of age, and the following year she obtained her first regular engagement at Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, after which she joined a number of stock companies, being a member of Macaulay's when Mary Anderson made her first appearance with that troupe, eighteen years ago; but neither actress, we are told, then foresaw the brilliant career in store for the other.

It is not generally known that it was in those early days that Miss Rehan became familiar with the grand old *répertoire* of the English stage, playing turn and turn about in such parts as Ophelia, Cordelia, Desdemona, Celia, Olivia, and Lady Anne. First and last, she has acted something like seventy-five parts, for Mr. Daly is no advocate of long runs, and has often been known to break off a series of performances in full success rather than allow his company to become jaded, and consequently mechanical in their action.

Miss Rehan has a marvellous memory, but her real study of a new part is done on the stage at rehearsals. She makes of each new rôle a true character study, reading up with the greatest care all that has ever been said or learnt about either the historical character of the woman she is about to portray, or how a certain famous rôle has struck the critics through the ages, and those of her famous predecessors who have ever played the part. Like all great artistes, no one is more alive to her own imperfections than the well-nigh perfect Rosalind. Her greatest pleasure when in Paris is an evening spent at the Comédie Française; she is deeply observant, and scarce a day passes but what she adds something to her knowledge of men and things. Always striving after artistic perfection, Miss Rehan attaches great importance to the minutiae of her art. Scarce one of her costumes but has been designed by herself, and she is fortunate in possessing a face and figure which enable her to wear daring combinations of colour and eccentricities of cut which would overwhelm and crush any other woman. Most of her stage gowns are made in Paris, but she discovers new ideas, especially when historical costumes are in question, from every collection of prints and portraits which she comes across, and among the French artists whom she has unwittingly pressed into her service Jan Van Beers is one of those whose delight has long been to think out and prepare schemes of exquisite colouring for the finer clothing of the lady whom he has more than once painted as Lady Teazle. Like most women who lead busy, successful lives, Miss Ada Rehan may be said to be like that happy country which had no history. Her visit to Lord and Lady Tennyson two years ago has remained a series of red-letter days in her existence.

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Commencing July 1,
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	P.M.		P.M.
LONDON (Euston) ...	dep. 2 0	GLASGOW (Central) ...	dep. 2 0
Birmingham 3 35	Preston ...	arr. 6 17
Liverpool (Exchange) 5 50	Manchester (Victoria) 7 23
Manchester (Victoria) 5 35	Liverpool (Exchange) 7 2
Manchester (Exchange) 5 40	Birmingham 9 20
Preston 6 37	LONDON (Euston) 10 45
GLASGOW (Central) ...	arr. 10 45		

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Commencing Aug. 1, in addition to the Refreshment and Dining Cars to and from Glasgow, a Refreshment and Dining Saloon will be run to and from Edinburgh, and Corridor Vehicles also placed in circuit between Liverpool and Manchester and Edinburgh and Glasgow. Until this arrangement comes into operation, Passengers for Edinburgh and the North can make use of the Glasgow Refreshment and Dining Saloon as far as Carlisle.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager, London and North-Western Railway.
JAMES THOMPSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

London, June 1893

CHEAPEST CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY. Brussels and Back 29s., the Ardennes, 35s.; Switzerland, 97s., &c., via Harwich and Antwerp, by Great Eastern Railway Company's steamers every week-day.

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Combination Tickets and cheap tours to all parts of the Continent. Read "Walks in the Ardennes," price 6d., at all Bookstalls. Particulars at 61, Regent Street, W., or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

LYCEUM.—MR. HENRY IRVING, Lessee and Manager. MATINEE OF CHARLES I., To-day, Wednesday, at 2. To-night, at 8.20, THE LYONS MAIL. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, To-morrow (Thursday) and Friday Night, at 8.20. OLIVIA MATINEE, Saturday next, at 2. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, Monday and Tuesday Evening next.

FROM A VISITOR'S POCKET-BOOK.

(Found in the Cambridge "Backs" during May Week.)

Fair and most learnèd Chloe,
If what they say is true,
Since you went up to Girton
You've become intensely blue.

I hear you talk of Homer
As of a cherished friend;
You're intimate with Pindar,
And ancients without end.

Greek verse you vote mere bagatelle,
Your prose is quite sublime;
Your Latin verse immaculate,
You oft construe in rhyme.

Euripides is play to you,
Old Æschylus a joke;
You're never "ploughed" by any chance
Like some unlucky folk.

You talk of "Mays" and "Triposes"
With interest greater far
Than all things else, while I, alas!
Scarce know what such things are.

Skilled are you in debates abstruse,
As, "Can we happier be
In middle age than now?" Or, "Were
Our grand-dames wise as we?"*

Ah, well! who knows and who can tell?
Yet sometimes with a sigh
A man may (tell it not in Gath!)
Long for those days gone by

When maidens were not learnèd dons,
But simple, sweet, and true,
When eyes might rival azure skies—
But Chloe was not blue.

SECOND WEEK OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

The French company during the week has given two performances concerning which I need not say anything, for "Denise" on Tuesday and "Les Effrontés" on Wednesday were also played last week. "Le Demi-Monde" has the honour of having been refused admittance in England by the censor for many years, and also in France of being kept out of the Théâtre Français for a long time despite its success. Nowadays it does not seem very shocking. In fact, the heroine of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is a more startling person in her impropriety than Suzanne, queen of Le Demi-Monde. The play of M. Dumas fils shows wonderful vigour: time does not seem to have dulled its wit nor rendered its intrigue less interesting than of old. The famous fight between the vicious outcast woman who means at any cost to wed an honest man and the man of the world determined to thwart it remains one of the finest stage struggles. Madame M. L. Marsy gave an admirable picture of the heroine, bringing out with fine force her wit and daring, while M. Febvre, though rather elderly as a lover, and a little broad in style, played the De Talus with great effect. Praise, too, must be given to Madame Barretta for her acting as Marcelle.

After a great deal of Dumas junior—but not too much—we had a taste of his mighty father on Thursday in the shape of "Henri III. et sa Cour." Some critics have found the play lively and interesting, but to me it seemed to creak with age. The little pieces of history sandwiched with fiction gave an utter air of unreality, and the family resemblance in style of talk of all the characters is quite remarkable. Perhaps the shrewdest judgment on the play is the fact that it was written when Dumas was only twenty-six, and many people think it his finest work. One discovers in it a certain gift for seeing the dramatic side of events, and giving name and speech to persons to carry them out, but not character. The company wore their splendid old Court dresses admirably, and in their bearing showed the benefit of a Conservatoire training. Among those whose work was good, M. Febvre again must be named, while the King of M. Worms is the finest performance he has given us. Madame Brandes acted with no little power as the heroine.

"Francillon" is one of the successes of the season. The daring, brilliant play in which the younger Dumas raises the eternal question of a woman's right to avenge herself *per lex talionis* on a faithless husband proved one of the most interesting yet given, and drew a large house, which was delighted by the wit of the play and the exquisite acting of Madame Bartet as its heroine. The charming actress gave what I think the finest performance of the season, and fully established her title to rank as an artiste of the first class. I can recollect Bernhardt in the part, and, though one of her warmest admirers, I think that in subtlety and style Madame Bartet proved more than her equal. Among the company which supported her, Mesdames Pierson and Muller and MM. Worms, P. Laugier, Samary, and Leitner deserve high praise. The same evening there was a pretty performance of the well-known play "Le Luthier de Cremona."

E. F.-S.

* Actual subjects of debate at one of the Cambridge Women's Colleges.

THE LOSS OF H.M.S. VICTORIA.

One of the proudest names in the Royal Navy is that of the Victory; henceforth one of the saddest will be that of the Victoria.



Photo by Ellis, Malta.

SIR GEORGE TRYON.

"Like ships that have gone down at sea When heaven was all tranquillity." So Moore sang of hearts that "stood the storm when waves were rough, Yet in a sunny hour fall off." Just when the nation's prospect was brightest with the thought of wedding bells, a deep sound strikes like a rising knell, as the news of the loss of the greatest armoured vessel in the British Navy brings woe into many a desolate household. Nearly twenty-three years have passed since the sad fate of the Captain sent a throb of sorrow through the land. Last Friday the Empire was once more

shocked by a calamity as sudden and far greater. Through the streets of London ran the news that the Victoria had foundered off Tripoli, in Syria, after a collision with the Camperdown. In a quarter of an hour, so the message from Rear-Admiral Markham said, the Victoria had sunk in eighty fathoms, bottom uppermost. The awful accident, resulting in the loss of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir George Tryon, and more than four hundred officers and men, took place while the British Mediterranean Squadron was executing some manœuvres at sea, about seven miles from Tripoli. The Camperdown ran down the Admiral's flagship, cutting open the side of the Victoria with its ram. The latter heeled over, and, in full sight of the squadron, sank. About two hundred and fifty men, according to early accounts, were saved, but no words can express the great loss which the Navy and the nation have sustained. As usual, her Majesty the Queen was instant in expressing her own sympathy in the *Court Circular*, in which the following touching mention of the calamity was made—

"Her Majesty received, early this morning, with the deepest grief, the terrible news of the awful catastrophe in the Mediterranean, resulting in the loss of the ironclad Victoria, and of the lives of so many officers and men, and especially of the distinguished Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, whom she knew well, and who had served many years ago as Lieutenant on board the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, and her heart bleeds for the many homes which have been plunged into mourning and deep affliction by this dreadful misfortune. Her Majesty instantly countermanded the State Ball for this evening."

If any human condolence can console the bereaved, surely the Queen's tender words will affect the relatives of "the brave that are no more." To the Queen the disaster is of more pathetic interest than would have been

the loss of almost any other vessel, for the Victoria was originally laid down as the *Renown*, and was rechristened to mark her Majesty's Jubilee, the year in which the vessel was built.

In Parliament the Prime Minister and Earl Spencer were the mouthpieces of the widespread feeling which had thrilled every member of the Legislature. After alluding to the news, Mr. Gladstone expressed a hope that possibly the stated loss of life might be slightly overrated, and concluded: "That is the only hope, Sir, of any mitigation of this sad intelligence, with respect to which we are certain that the deepest sympathy of the House will be excited, not only on behalf of those brave men who

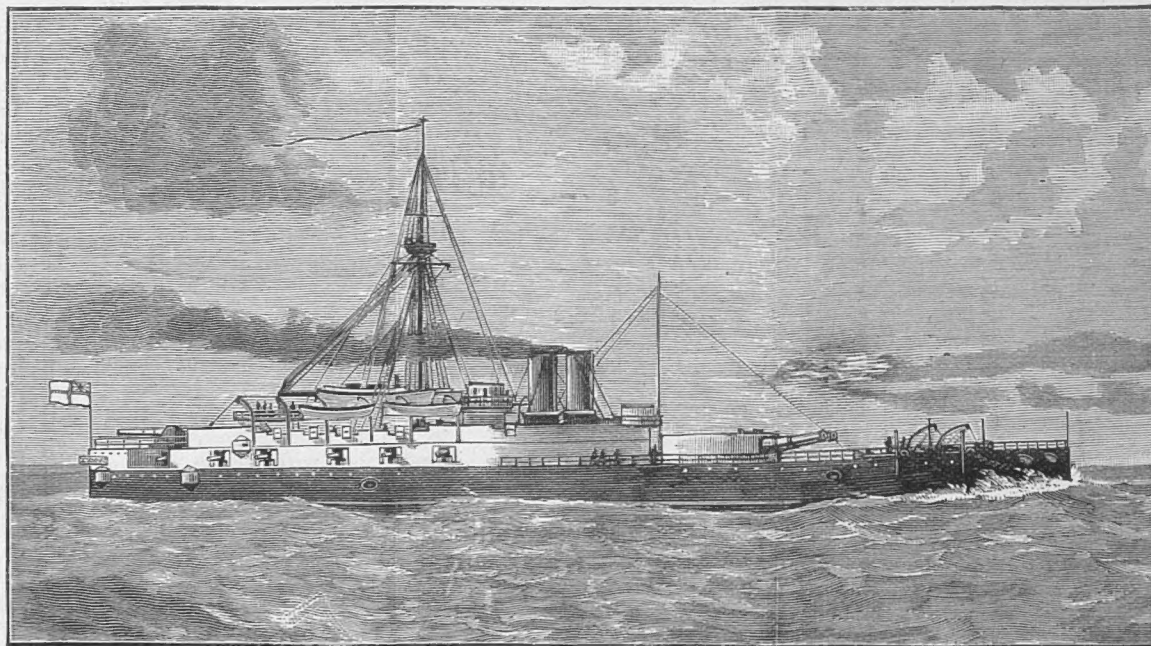
have found an early grave amid all the circumstances of peace, pomp, and splendour, but also on account of the surviving relatives and families of the large number of persons whose loss we have to deplore."

All the public offices in connection with naval matters were thronged by anxious relatives, while from abroad came constant messages of sympathy.

An intense pathos encompasses the fate of Vice-Admiral Tryon, recalling the incidents that preceded Waterloo. On the very evening of the disaster, Lady Tryon, who had just returned from Malta, had held her first reception of the season, at which some two hundred guests were present. While England rang with the fatal news, Lady Tryon was unconscious of the terrible awakening that awaited her. Her brother, Lord Ancester, late in the forenoon, had not the heart to convey the tidings to her, and had to find a spokesman in her only son, Sub-Lieutenant George Clement Tryon, of the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards.

Vice-Admiral Tryon was just sixty-one. The nephew of the present Admiral Robert Tryon, he entered the Navy as long ago as 1848, and witnessed the fall of Sebastopol. His Crimean experiences began a long course of active service for his country. It is nearly twenty years ago since he got his first command in the Mediterranean, when he was transferred to the gun-vessel *Surprise*, where he gained his captaincy. His services in the Abyssinian Expedition of 1868 were rewarded with a C.B. in addition to the Abyssinian medal. Mr. Goschen had the opportunity of testing his excellent qualities when Captain Tryon was his private secretary between 1871-4. His promotion was as rapid as it was well deserved, and he made his mark in the Colonies as well as at home. As Commander-in-Chief on the Australian station he did work of Imperial importance in connection with the organisation of local naval defence. Indeed, it is to his influence that Australia now possesses a squadron of modern vessels for the protection of its floating trade. On his return home in 1887 he sued for the Parliamentary suffrages of the Spalding Division of Lincolnshire, but was defeated by his Liberal opponent. His was a character, though, that could serve his country in many ways more usefully than at St. Stephen's, and he set himself to reorganise our system of coast signals and to improve the efficiency of all branches of the reserves. In the summer of '88, '89, and '90 he commanded a fleet during the manœuvres, demonstrating his high capacity both as an organiser and as a tactician.

The whole Navy agreed heartily that he, and he alone, was the man to fill the post of Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, where he assumed command in September by hoisting his flag on the ill-fated Victoria. At the time of her being built the



H.M.S. VICTORIA.

Victoria and her sister ship, the *Sans Pareil*, were thought to be the most powerful ships in the Navy, each having a displacement of 10,700 tons, and a speed of sixteen knots an hour. It is curious that when the Victoria first entered the Mediterranean her crew was "turned over" to the very ship that rammed her, the Camperdown, while the crew of the Camperdown were "turned over" to the Victoria. The most fitting word that has been spoken of Admiral Tryon was that of Lord George Hamilton, who told the House of Commons that the Admiral needed only the opportunity to make for himself a name second to none in the annals of England's most famous service.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

It was quite a relief in one way to find something else discussed in Parliament this week besides Home Rule. Swine fever, Scotch Home Rule (the detested expression cannot be quite got rid of), and actually two days of Supply—the list is quite a respectable one. But still the puzzle about the future of the Home Rule Bill holds the field in the matter of interest. "What will he do with it?" is on everybody's lips. "He" is Mr. Gladstone, who is the only person in the "Democratic" Ministry who has a voice in the matter. The situation is undoubtedly a serious one for the Government. At bottom it is a contest between Mr. Gladstone and the rest of the Cabinet. The Prime Minister is fighting for Home Rule, while Mr. Mundella, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Fowler, and Mr. Asquith are fighting for the Newcastle Programme, and Lord Rosebery for the Imperial Democratic policy which he has added to the creed of Liberalism. To him the Newcastle Programme is only part of the tendency of things, something the Liberal party could do without him. If it were only the Newcastle Programme that was in hand, he would not be leading the party at all; and at his age he cannot stand aside for a while and wait for his darling work to be done later on. On the other hand, Lord Rosebery is believed to see now how the increased bitterness between the parties caused by the Home Rule Bill is damaging our Imperial interests, and the Newcastleites see as plainly that the postponement of their part of the programme is losing them votes in the constituencies. The puzzle is to reconcile these differences. The whole thing is complicated by the fact that without Mr. Gladstone there would be no unity in the Radical party at all. They cannot get to any work while he leads them, and unless he leads them they could not keep in a majority. When these facts are properly grasped, it will be realised with what force some of the shrewdest observers opine that a dissolution is the card up Mr. Gladstone's sleeve. As far as Home Rule for Ireland is concerned, it is by this time thoroughly understood.

THE NEW FINANCIAL CLAUSES.

As for the new financial clauses, they look uncommonly like a deliberate riding for a fall. It is, of course, a very curious thing to have had to introduce them at all. And as they have not been adopted by the House in principle, as the abandoned clauses were, by a second reading debate, their status in the Bill itself is a very doubtful one indeed. But if the clauses had been popular with the party for whose support they are produced, neither the mistakes nor the technical difficulties would matter much. As it is, they at once make the Bill a bad Bill even in the eyes of its supporters. I myself should hardly have thought it possible for Mr. Gladstone to damage his own Bill so much. The Parnellites have frankly disavowed the new arrangement, and it is not a bit more popular with their rivals. I think I need hardly speak this week for the Radicals, they may make their moan for themselves. That these clauses should pass is impossible, and the only conclusion I am driven to is that they are not meant to pass. On the other hand, why, then, should Mr. Gladstone have troubled to bring them in at all? That is somewhat of a puzzle. But in political life, after all, there is a certain amount of very complicated human nature. Mr. Gladstone is a wrong-headed but an honest old man. He was pledged to make new financial arrangements, and he has done the best he could. It is significant to me of the way his mind has been working that the new Imperial collection of taxes would take the sting out of the resistance of Ulster. That Mr. Gladstone has really been impressed by the attitude of Ulster I have thought for some time. I have continually expected him to make some change in the Bill which would keep Ulster in closer connection with Great Britain. Imperial taxation is certainly one way of doing it, and this view of the situation has probably had a good deal to do with the change. On the other hand, the concession made to the Nationalists weakens this hold upon Ulster very much. They are to be allowed still to impose extra taxes on Ireland. The double system of taxation is thoroughly characteristic of the whole double-faced Bill. But extra taxes in Ireland mean extra taxes on Ulster; so the conflict of the two Irelands still remains.

MR. BALFOUR GLADSTONISES.

The most interesting of the actual debates of the week on the Home Rule Bill was that on Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Plunket, in a speech of great impressiveness and eloquence, moved that the Irish Legislature should not be allowed to make laws affecting its constitution. What is feared is that the Catholic party would try, as Archbishop Walsh said in 1886 they would, to capture Trinity for the Catholics, and so set up in the cheapest way that same Irish Catholic University which all the Catholics insist upon getting as one of the first things from an Irish Home Rule Government. In one of Mr. Balfour's speeches, by-the-by, there was a fine example of Gladstonism. He was speaking of the view he had expressed in 1889 in favour of setting up an Irish Catholic University. "He thought in 1889, and he thought still, that it would be politic, wise, he would not say just, but it would belong to the higher region of statesmanship, closely bearing upon justice—he meant it was not a right to be claimed but a gift to be granted—that the Imperial Parliament should do something to meet this demand in Ireland." This splendidly discriminating effort of language was greeted with rounds of laughter. Alas! Even the oratory of the leader of the Opposition is suffering from the tyranny of the Prime Minister over the time and energies of both parties.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

As a candid, though friendly, critic of the Home Rule Bill, I am afraid it must be assumed that it is not doing particularly well. The Government has been going down hill for some little time. There have been several sources of trouble. First we have had the old, old difficulty of the slow progress of the Bill, the enormous and unyielding difficulty of ploughing through the great mass of material it contains. On this point there is certainly a growing scepticism on the Ministerialist side, and unless active measures are taken the Bill cannot possibly go through. The Government are unquestionably revolving the situation in the light of these serious facts. What they will do remains to be seen, but I think they have two plans before them. The first is the general one of declaring that the House will not adjourn till Home Rule and Supply have been passed; the second is that of proposing that a day shall be named for the passage of each clause, and that adequate, but no more than adequate, time shall be given for its consideration. Failing this, we cannot pass Home Rule this year, or do anything else whatever. We must sacrifice the highly prized Parish Councils Bill, the invaluable Employers' Liability Bill, and the equally necessary London Rates Bill. We shall, in fact, have done nothing whatever, save carry through a measure which cannot become law, and as to which a second appeal to the country must inevitably be made. Now, this is not an agreeable prospect. It weakens the Government with the constituencies, and also, perhaps, in the eyes of their following in Parliament.

MR. SEXTON'S PROTEST.

The impatience felt by both English and Irish sections was voiced in a very brilliant little speech by Mr. Sexton on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Sexton has this session rapidly recovered his old rhetorical prestige, and has added fresh laurels to his brow. He has, perhaps, spoken better on the Irish Bill than any supporter of it, save only Mr. Gladstone, and perhaps Mr. Haldane, an acute and sympathetic lawyer, whose grasp both of the political and legal aspects of Home Rule is quite unexampled on the Unionist side. Mr. Sexton has all Mr. Haldane's grasp, and he has in addition the charm of a most finished and graceful orator. I do not think that Mr. Balfour has ever been so completely torn to pieces as he was in the short oration which followed the intolerable speech of his on an absurd amendment proposing to prevent the Irish Parliament from establishing a censorship of the Press and interfering with the right of public meeting. The idea of Mr. Balfour, the persistent censor of the Irish Press, the chief enemy of the right of public meeting in Ireland, coolly arguing that the Irish Parliament was going to commit the same Constitutional sin as himself was certainly staggering to the average Home Rule mind. Mr. Sexton seized upon the point, and argued it with the greatest force and vehemence. In vivid colours he drew a picture of the state of Ireland under Mr. Balfour's régime, when, of course, neither freedom of the Press nor of public meeting was permitted. With flashing eye and nervous gesture, he poured out a flood of impromptu, but at the same time perfectly elegant and closely reasoned argument. Mr. Balfour was very angry, but his reply was nothing like so effective as the Irishman's attack. Mr. Sexton was eloquent, Mr. Balfour petulant. The curious point about Mr. Sexton's speech was the different ways in which it was received by the Ministers. Mr. Gladstone was clearly sympathetic, and his deep bass "Hear, hear"—one of the most notable of Parliamentary sounds—was audible in many passages amid the storm of Irish and Radical cheering.

THE NEW IRISH BUDGET.

But by far the most serious feature of the week's situation is that which has arisen over the revised financial clauses. Under the old Bill the Irishmen, with the exception of Customs and the Post Office, and, to some extent, the Excise, were to have the collection and management of taxation. Now for six years they are to have nothing whatever. The whole thing is to be done by the Imperial Government with its officials, who will simply hand over the assigned sum to the Irish Parliament, which will leave it with a surplus of about half a million in hand. In other words, the Irish Parliament, in addition to its many disabilities, is to have no control whatever over present sources of taxation. It may raise new taxes if it pleases, but that is a boon for which Irishmen are likely to say "Thank you for nothing." Of course, this gives an added touch of incompleteness to the Bill. Practically, all Irish interest will be centred in the Imperial Parliament, and the necessity of the Irish representation being maintained in full force and for all purposes is obvious. The land, education, and finance, administrative questions of the first importance, are all retained here for a certain term of years at least. Of course, the Irishmen do not like it. But I think it may be said with some certainty that the anti-Parnellite section is squared, and that the Parnellites, though they are indeed threatening opposition, and talking bitterly of the way in which the Bill is being emasculated, will not, I think, press their opposition in a body in the division lobby. If they do, two or three Radicals will support them, and the Ministerial majority will be reduced to very narrow limits. In fact, for an hour or so after Mr. Gladstone's announcement of the change, it seemed to me that it was touch-and-go whether the Bill would not be lost altogether, and whether the Government were not steering straight on the rocks. A revulsion came later, and I fancy that if we can get over the preliminary difficulty of obstruction the Bill will scrape through.



LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

This continued and extraordinary drought is causing the greatest distress to everybody, both rich and poor, in town and country. In the cities the water supply is cut off from 8 p.m. to 6 a.m., and in the country it is being sold at so much per bucket. There is literally no hay crop at all this year, and consequently cattle are being sold for what they will fetch, as there is nothing to feed them on. At Balbigny and the villages near St. Etienne the farmers are selling fine bulls and cows at £2 and £3 each. At Ouges, near Dijon, a cow, in the best of condition, was sold for £1. In most parts prime joints of beef are selling at threepence a pound! It is an ill-wind that blows nobody good, though, and best accounts are heard from the champagne districts. The excessive prolongation of sun and drought has worked miracles with the grapes, and at no time before have they been so advanced and in such flourishing condition. An extremely good vintage is, therefore, hopefully looked forward to. The pity is that news of this kind does not encourage or help the poor farmers and peasants, who unfortunately cannot hope to test the superiority of this year's Veuve Clicquot or Pommery and Gréno.

Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, who was accidentally shot in the eye last year while out shooting, has lately undergone an operation, and the injured eye has been removed, as it was found to be weakening and impairing the sight of the sound eye. The operation has been most successful, and great relief given to the Baron, who has suffered fearfully ever since the unlucky mishap.

Mdlle. Zucchi, formerly *première danseuse* of the Eden Theatre, was recently married to Prince Baserchitkoff. Among her wedding presents were 120 silver cups of different sizes, all in the form of dancing shoes. This novel present was given by male friends of the Prince.

Bicycling is the *dernier cri* of this season, and the feminine gender are quite as enthusiastic as the sterner sex. M. Lassalle, of the Opéra, lately organised a match for ladies—all actresses—starting from the Grand Cascade to the Tête Noire, St. Cloud, where they registered their names, and back. It was a most unique and amusing spectacle. Most of them wore loose knickerbockers, tight at the knee, double-breasted tight-fitting coats, and plain, soft felt hats, while their silk stockings and patent-leather shoes were all that is most *chic* and smart. One or two had an apology for a skirt, and I must say their modesty was not rewarded, as it looked anything but neat or decent, flapping all about their waists in their quick ride. Mdlle. Saint-Sauveur was the winner of a very handsome prize.

Among bicyclists of the *gens du monde* often seen in the Bois are: Comte d'Eu, Comte and Comtesse de Bryas, Madame de Cathelineau, Mdlle. de Saint-Germain, Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Chaudière, Prince de Chimay, M. Carolus-Duran, &c, the last recruit being M. Zola, who was a most patient and conscientious learner. Coquelin cadet once wanted to learn very much, but was afraid of appearing ridiculous before everybody. So a friend said, "Take a professor; then." "Yes, but he would see me," Coquelin replied.

A woman named Mouillet was cutting grass for her cows near Bar-le-Duc, when she was bitten in the wrist several times by an adder. Her dead body was shortly afterwards found by her husband, quite cold.

Tha fête at Neuilly opened last Sunday, and promises to be as much patronised this year as ever. It is the only fair of its kind visited by the *vrai monde*, who may often be seen there after dinner going on the roundabouts and shooting in the galleries. The only novelty this year is a stationary bicycle, on which you pedal as much as you like without moving, and you can afterwards ascertain how far you would have gone and in what time had you been on an ordinary bicycle—not a very brilliant or clever invention. There are some dreadful anatomy waxwork shows, which are a disgrace to the fair and the Government that permits their exhibition; several wrestling booths, among them the celebrated and ever-popular "Marseilles"; boats that go up and down, and produce the luxury of *mal de mer* at the small cost of four sous, and last, but not least, the wild beast shows of Bidel and Pezon. I recorded a nasty accident that happened at the latter show, only last week, with a panther; since then Pezon fils has again been attacked, this time by his favourite lioness, who has severely injured him. Instead of this proving a drawback to the popularity of the entertainment, as one would think, it seems to be an excellent advertisement, for the bloodthirsty public have simply flocked there ever since.

I don't know if there is any truth in the rumour that Mr. Fred Lynham has resigned his post as trainer to Baron de Rothschild, and is to be succeeded by John Watson, of Belleisle, Richmond.

MIMOSA.

JAPAN'S GREATEST ACTOR.

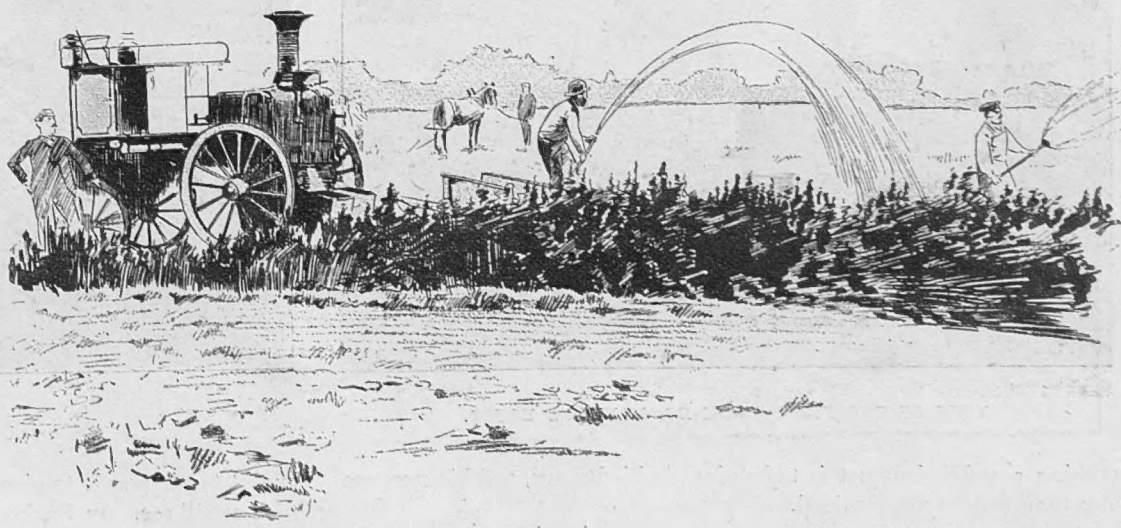
The greatest Japanese actor of modern times is Ichikawa Danjuro, and he is usually regarded as one of the greatest ornaments that the Japanese stage has ever possessed. A new play, in which he takes the leading part, has lately been produced in the principal theatre in Tokio, and has excited intense interest throughout the country. A correspondent who recently had an interview with him communicates to a Yokohama journal some interesting remarks of the great actor on the art of acting.

In reply to an expression of surprise at his power in personating a villain whose acts were abhorrent to him, Danjuro answered that a distinction must be made between Danjuro at home and Danjuro on the stage. "An actor can, I think, play his part properly only by putting his whole soul into the character he personates, and therefore, when on the stage, so far am I from lacking in sympathy with the villain, as you suppose, that probably I become as great a villain as he ever aspired to be." In reference to a remark on the time that must be spent in studying an entirely new play, he said that in Japan dress rehearsals were unknown. "We generally assemble perhaps a dozen times in a room at the rear of the theatre, and there recite our respective parts in the order in which they are spoken on the stage, and that is about all the rehearsal we have"; and even at these, it appears, he is seldom or never present. He said that his practice had always been to devote his time mostly to studying the times and circumstances associated with the play, and particularly in obtaining an insight into the inner feelings of the characters he is to represent. He was amused to be told that there was some resemblance between his features and those of Mr. Irving, and said he heard this for the first time. He observed that he was able to personate characters of all ranks, callings, or ages, and of both sexes, with the single exception of a wrestler, which is a part he has never been able to play.

Speaking of the part of a young lady of seventeen, which he is at present playing as an interlude, he said: "I am attempting too much. You must have observed how fatigued I am. In representing the young lady the skin on my face has to be stretched to the utmost limit of its elasticity to hide the wrinkles. My face has to be treated in the same way as a dyer stretches a piece of silk which he sets out in the sun to dry. The deceptions we have to resort to in our art have become very much more difficult to perfect since the introduction of gas, electric light, and, above all, the opera-glass. Still, a young lady is a young lady, and I can submit myself to this ordeal, and act and dance as a damsel would, but to mimic the gambols of a lion has proved too much for me. It is not a dance to be attempted by a person much over thirty, and, being now fifty-six, I mean to abide by the announcement I made at the beginning, that this will be the last public exhibition I shall make of a dance of this kind."

WATERING A CROP WITH A FIRE-ENGINE.

Fortunate in having his farm intersected by one of the arterial drains of the district, Mr. Young, of Swineshead Abbey Farm, in the neighbourhood of Boston, determined to utilise the water thus provided, and arranged with Messrs. Merryweather and Son, Limited, to send down one of their most powerful fire-engines. With this engine about eighty tons of water per hour have been pumped on to crops of mangold seed and potatoes, and land is now being drenched preparatory to cauliflower planting. Allowing for stoppages necessary for moving the 200 yards of hose from land to land and other incidentals, from three to five acres of land are covered with 120 tons of water per acre per day. Hundreds of farmers have witnessed the operation, and from each and all the wish has been fervent that they had the water and engine too. To the oft repeated remark that the thing must be costly, Mr. Young's reply is: Costly it may be, but not one-tenth part so costly as the drought.



WATERING THE CROPS AT SWINESHEAD ABBEY, LINCOLNSHIRE.

"BON VOYAGE" TO DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

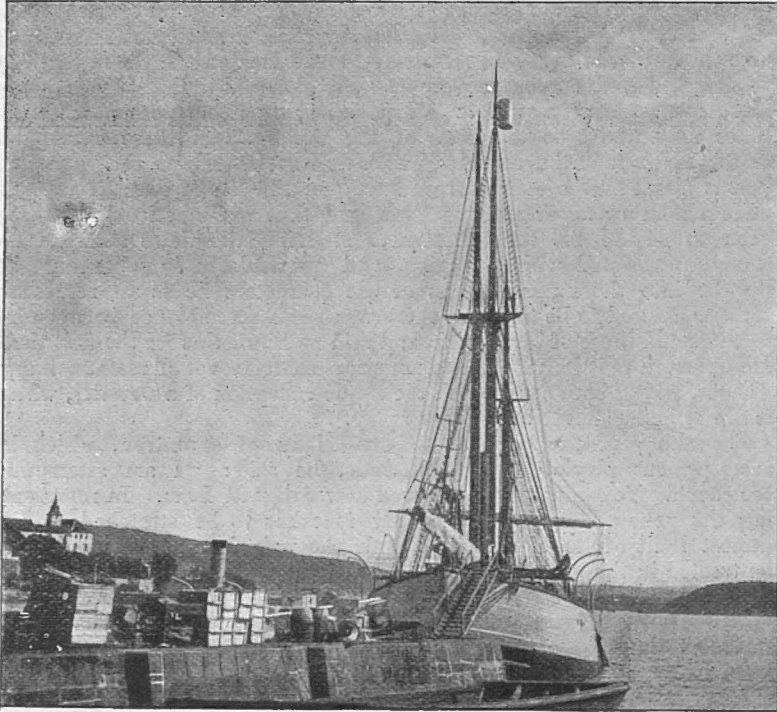
BY HERBERT WARD.

CHRISTIANIA, JUNE 17, 1893.

Within three days Dr. Nansen's Arctic expedition will be sailing down the fjord in the *Fram*, bound for the Polar regions, whence, in public opinion here, they will never more return. Norwegians are not a demonstrative people, neither are they given to hero worship, but in

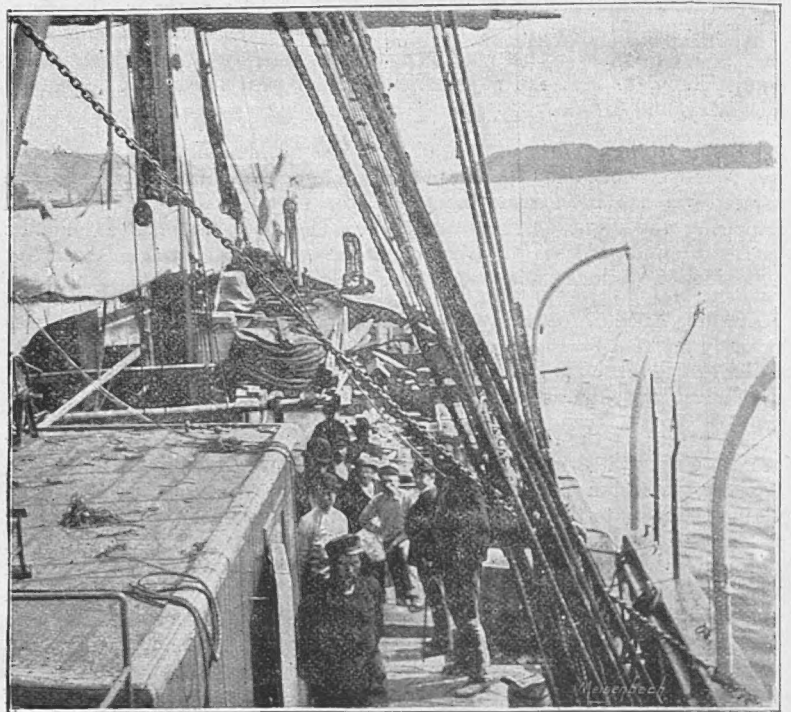
is simple, but it will take time—a long time, perhaps—and we have much to do with scientific observations.

"My object is a serious one. I do not make this journey for gain or fame. I would serve science, and I would be pleased to show the world that Norwegians can compare with any nationality in courage and endurance. I have the choice of all Norway for my crew. They are fine, honest men I have chosen, all of them. They are sailors; they have the same spirit in this enterprise as I myself have. We all will leave wives or sweethearts, and none of us will gain riches."



THE "FRAM": STERN VIEW.

their honest hearts they take pride in their famous countryman. Political feeling runs rather high here just now, and Dr. Nansen, by reason of his sympathy with the Democratic party, has naturally many political opponents, but I may state with truth that no man commands more universal respect than does this venturesome Arctic explorer. To-morrow



DECK OF THE "FRAM."

"Well, Dr. Nansen, to be straightforward, I must tell you that I have not yet met with one competent authority who expresses belief in the practicability of your theory of following the currents upon the ice."

"Ah! They say we will never come back. They say I am a dreamer and that I shall fail. Well, we will see. I can say nothing,



VIEW OF THE FJORD FROM DR. NANSEN'S HOUSE.

evening a public banquet is to be given in his honour, and his crew are also to be publicly entertained.

"No," said Dr. Nansen, in answer to my inquiry concerning his plans. "Since I read my paper before the Royal Geographical Society of London I have not altered my scheme in the least. My plan in itself



DR. NANSEN'S BABY.

except to ask people to give me time. Wait until we come back, and then we'll see. In England there are many good friends to my expedition. Nothing has surprised me more than the interest and sympathy that has been shown to my expedition by English people. I am very grateful."

"I suppose you have heard," continued Dr. Nansen, "that all my crew have been insured by an English office? High premium? Oh, no! only a guarantee to pay three years' interest. It is not dear; but then it will be all clear profit for them!"

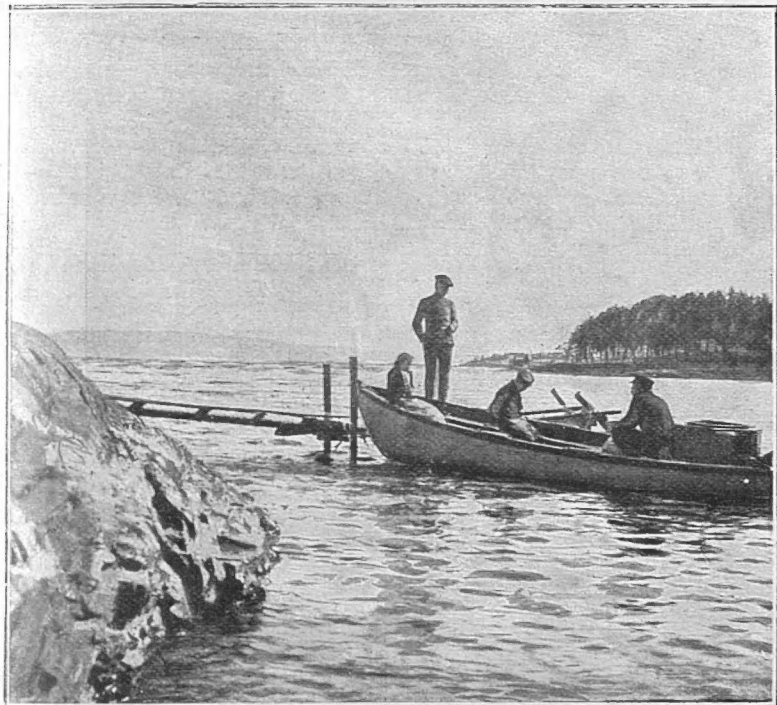
"Yes, we take tobacco, tea, and coffee, but no spirits. The only regulation I make for my crew with regard to smoking is that there will be no smoking allowed below; they can smoke on deck, but I don't think they will trouble to do so—it will be very cold!"

"I suppose, Dr. Nansen, you have now collected every useful instrument and appliance that civilisation can supply? Can you mention anything that has been overlooked?"

"No; I think we are fitted out in as perfect a manner as can be. Everything has been carefully thought out during the last eight years; we have expended £20,000 upon the ship and gear and instruments. I do not think any previous expedition was ever half so well provided as we are. It all rests with us now, and, indeed, we will be glad to start."

"There is one matter, Dr. Nansen, to which I will refer, with all due respect—it is a delicate subject for us to speak of. I suppose Mrs.——"

The Doctor looked away for an instant, and then said: "It is a sad and painful, very painful, experience—to leave one's wife and child for so long a time. But before I married I had conceived the idea of this



DR. NANSEN, STANDING, GIVING ORDERS IN PETROLEUM LAUNCH.

journey. It is nothing new. We always have been thinking of it—my wife and I. But we seldom mention it, even now. It is too much pain."

Dr. Nansen sighed slightly, and stroked his moustache with a nervous gesture.

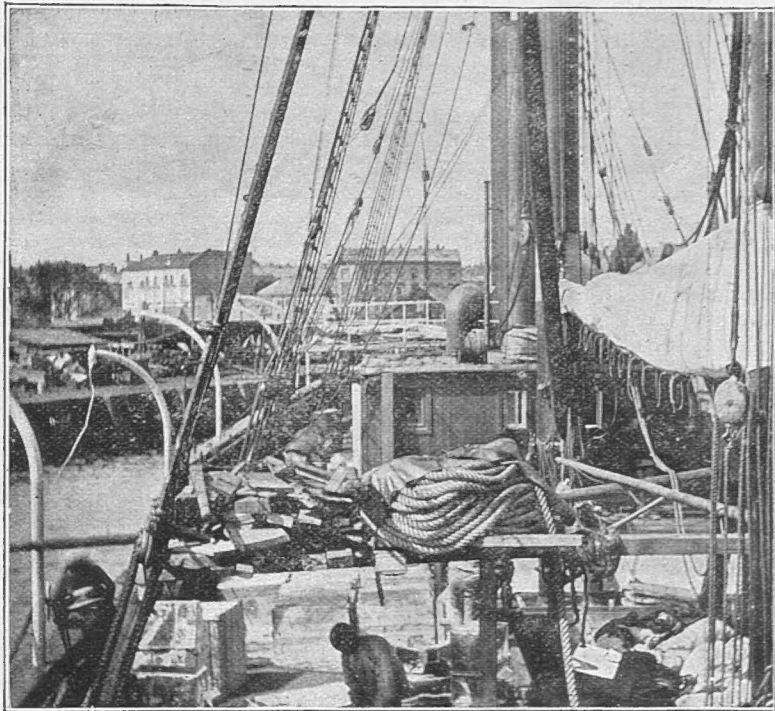
With reference to the grant of money made by the Government to his expedition, Dr. Nansen remarked: "My countrymen are poor, but they have been most generous to us. If I had made the expedition an international affair, I could have obtained much money very quickly. I even had money offered. But I was anxious to make the expedition a national one. I thoroughly believe in my power to accomplish my object, and is it not natural that I should wish to give my countrymen the first thought? Our success will be due to their generous enterprise."

THE FRAM.

There is a personality about the Fram. She was conceived, designed, and built under the fostering care of her master, and as she lies alongside the quay, within sound of the tinkling bells of pleasure steamers, the shrill engine-whistles of suburban trains, and the metallic whirl of tram wheels, one's fancy pictures the little bluff-bowed vessel, within the next few months, lying helpless upon a mountainous ice-field, alone, and in darkness. There is much in common between the Fram and her creator. Both the ship and the man are entirely devoid of all extraneous decoration. There is no apparent consideration of effect. Both are blunt and substantial. It would seem that Dr. Nansen had imparted something of his own strong character into his vessel. One cannot easily imagine the

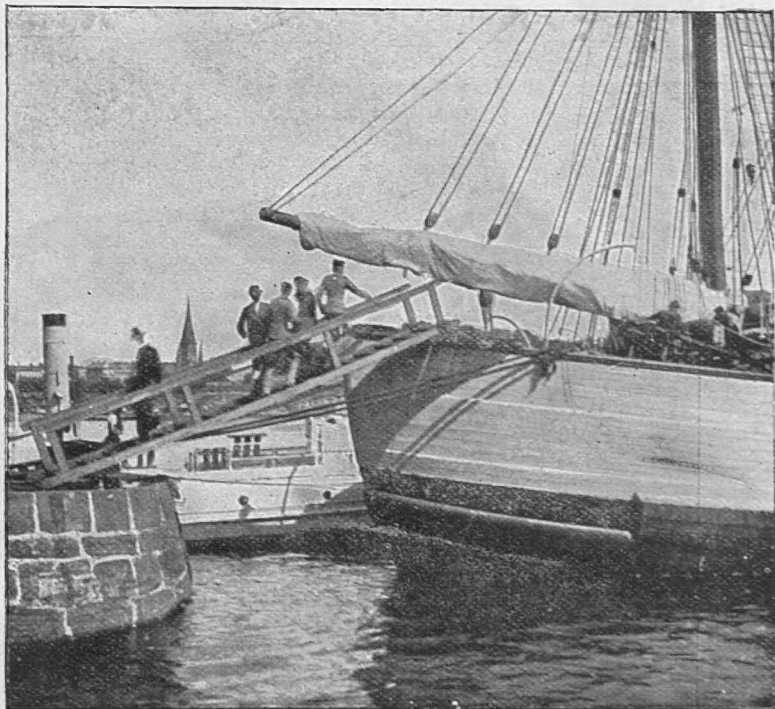
Fram commanded by another captain, nor can one imagine the Fram bound for any other destination than the Polar regions.

At the present time the ship's decks are covered with cases and gear. All is still in confusion, and to the uninitiated eye it would seem that far more than three days must elapse before preparations are completed.



DECK OF THE "FRAM."

The first impression one obtains in picking one's way around the decks, and descending to the cabin and the hold, is the enormous thickness of the hard timber of which the vessel is composed. The perfect spars, of Oregon pine, next attract one's admiration. The rigging is neat and trim. The house and water tanks, which are lashed on deck, are painted a brilliant vermilion; the bulwark rail is painted green, a crude and vulgar hue. But yet there is a plainness and simpleness of purpose suggested by the very inharmonious contrast of these colours. Red is red, and green is green. Why trouble to soften or blend them?



PEOPLE VISITING THE "FRAM."

A stream of visitors is continually visiting the ship: soldiers, in sky-blue uniforms with clanking swords, stumble amid the tar-pots; serious gentlemen, in silk hats and frock coats; young and lovely maidens, with beautiful complexions; tourists with cameras; and, in fact, people of every condition and nationality roam over the ship unhindered. All are welcomed; there are no secrets in Dr. Nansen's expedition.



DANCE OF PIERROTS IN "FIDELIA," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

"FIDELIA," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

The first night of a ballet at the Alhambra is always a red-letter day for me. It is, too, a very serious and responsible moment, for I know that I shall have to give judgment on what I am about to see, and I am distracted by the impossible endeavour to see everything in general and everybody in particular. I have friends on both sides of the footlights who will be asking me presently, "Well, what do you think of the ballet?"—serious friends, with a serious interest in dancing in the abstract, on this side; and frivolous friends, with a practical interest in dancing in the concrete, on that side. I have first to think what I am to think, and then think what I am to say; for all these friends of mine will be very emphatic in their opinions, and they will demand a most definite answer. On Monday, the 19th, the first night of "Fidelia; or, the Devil's Violin," I found it difficult to satisfy everybody in a word. There was so much that is good and so much that is bad in the ballet; so many things I like, and so many things I should like to alter; such charming music to be taken into account, and such confused action—what was I to say? It was useless to tell my friend the purist that there was something, after all, to be said for character-dancing; equally useless to assure my friends the rabbits that they looked charming, when they knew that, at all events, they felt hot. We were all agreed that the action went at too headlong a pace in the serious scenes and too creepingly in the comic scenes; that the grotto of the third tableau is so beautiful a stage picture that it is a shame we are allowed to see it for so short a time; that Paganini Redivivus is a stick, and Signorina Porro an enchanting little marionette; that Mr. Lupino is abundantly clever in his fooling, and, like Mr. Walter Stanton, would make an admirable "turn," but is out of place in a ballet; that Miss Hooton, as Calypso, has never looked quite so pretty or been seen to quite such advantage before; while Miss Seale, though tragically intense as the Spirit of Music, has no such opportunity as in the Russian dance and hornpipe which go so far to make the success of "Chicago." And the dresses are unmistakably charming (except to those who, having personal experience, chance to find them uncomfortable), more charming than any, I am assured, that have been seen at the Alhambra since 1888. Some old ballets have been deftly laid under contribution, both for ideas and for music, with results, at all events as regards the music, altogether admirable. M. Jacobi has given us his very best work.

As for the story, that is past-finding out; but what does a story matter? Not very much, I confess to myself, as the curtain rises on an old raftered hostelry, where some merry peasants, with Bavarian head-dresses, are dancing for their own amusement. There is the usual storm, and a gay old owl, with electric eyes, beats time with his wings, very composedly, as he sits over the clock, on the other side of the room from the goblin fireplace. From various entanglements I signal Signorina Pollini, who dances and poses gracefully in a very becoming classical white tunic, supported by Signorina Corman. Then comes a drowsy dance of boys and girls in nightdresses (the real articles), with nightcaps on their heads and bed-room candles in their hands. The second tableau shows us a farm-yard, with a gate set open for the band of reapers that enters carrying sheaves—reapers in creamy harvest dresses, delightful reapers such as were never yet seen in a farm-yard, or only in the farm-yards of Arcadia, where they fleeted the time carelessly. After the reapers' dance the poultry comes flocking in—very humorous human pigeons, rabbits, turkeys, geese, cocks and hens, represented realistically enough, with some obvious improvements upon nature. M. Grédelue, the ballet-master, is very good at pantomimic dancing, and he has arranged this scene with great ingenuity. The third tableau is the Grotto of Naiads, which, as I have already said, is seen for too short a time. It is wonderfully painted and lighted, and at the proper distance looks extraordinarily like a real cave, with naiads in what we are to suppose was their real costume—that is to say, nothing and a few seaweeds. The last tableau represents Monte Carlo, very enticingly, in a holiday masquerade of Pulchinello, Pierrots, Harlequins, and Columbines. These beautiful people, so exquisitely bright, light, and unreal in their white, pale blue, pale pink, pale gold, are just the people one would have wished to see all the time, and their dancing is just what dancing should be. A ballet has so many chances of being a thing of beauty that it has no excuse for not being so, or for abandoning beauty in the search for humour, variety, the grotesque, or anything whatever. The beauty of dancing is so great, and so entirely in itself, that it requires no outside expedients to give it effect, only the due assistance of charming and appropriate scenery and costume. It is unfortunately the tendency of ballet at the present moment to neglect the essentials for what is essentially unimportant and to rely on comic pantomime, on mere spectacle, on the qualities, in short, which are more appropriate to Drury Lane than to "the Home of Ballet," the Alhambra of a great tradition. It were to be wished that the Alhambra realised its own responsibilities, the weight and the opportunity alike which its pre-eminence in ballet gives it. At its worst it is, with the Empire, one of the two theatres in London where something more or less beautiful can always be seen; at its best it might easily become such a "Palace of Pleasure" as does not now exist in the world. A. S.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. "Maarten Maartens" has been in London for the last few days, and has been warmly received in literary circles. I understand that he will be the guest of the Authors' Club at their next dinner. He may, perhaps, give a reading. Mr. "Maartens" witnessed the performance of "Walker, London" the other evening along with Mr. Barrie, who is a warm admirer of the Dutch novelist's work.

It has been arranged to hold a Shelley Exhibition at the Guildhall, to open on July 11, to remain open for one week. It will be carried out jointly by the Shelley Society and the Library Committee of the Corporation. Anyone may attend. A catalogue will be printed, and sold at the Guildhall for threepence. The collection will be practically complete, and the opportunity it affords unique.

Captain Cook's Journal of his first voyage round the world has been edited by Captain Wharton, and published in a handsome volume by Mr. Elliot Stock. The Journal has never been published before, only a hash of it mixed with extracts from the journals of some of the scientific men who sailed with him. Now we have his very words, reprinted from a private copy, and supplemented by passages from the Admiralty copy, which is fuller. Cook wrote in admirable style, though doubtless he would have been surprised to hear it, and even in this ungarnished condition the journal is good reading.

The materials for Miss North's "Recollections of a Happy Life" were so numerous that much had to be omitted. But the interest the book aroused was so great that the editor—Miss North's sister—Mrs. J. A. Symonds, has been induced to publish another volume, "Further Recollections" (Macmillan). The journeys described in the new volume are over more familiar, more tourist-trodden ground—Spain, the Pyrenees, Italy, Syria, Egypt, &c., from 1859 to 1869. But, if they have not the charm of novelty, they, perhaps, show all the better how good an observer Miss North was. At all events, they are pleasant reading, and there is no want of queer fun in the book.

Here is a delightful picture of the visit of an English party, a Lord Allcash and his family, to Taormina: "All wore blue veils, terrible hats, and long-sleeved waterproof cloaks. . . . They all came to the theatre at ten, in the full heat, treating the poor old custode's long stories with unconcealed contempt, and followed by a long string of idlers carrying cloaks, desks, portfolios, umbrellas, &c., and sweeping the ground with their long trains. They all stared at the Dane's picture, and never said a word to him, the same to me, then the young lady sat down with her back to Etna, and did the whole circuit of the theatre on a very big sheet of paper, then went on farther, and had a tent made of shawls and umbrellas, and did the other ruins, working till dark, unmindful of changing shadows, while her parents sat near and chaperoned her. The Dane said her work was a miracle of chiaroscuro."

No less delightful is the description of her visit to the Countess Pulgar, who lived in the same palace her ancestor, the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella, had lived in. "None of them knew any language but their own; they sat silent, expecting to be entertained, a task quite beyond my powers, so after a while I sat down and sang to them, which gave great satisfaction, and we parted the best of friends. They asked me to come back every Sunday evening, when I might have the opportunity of entertaining all their friends, and, perhaps, drink a little lemonade."

Very interesting—from her friends' point of view, very pathetic—is the account of the unconquerable restlessness which drove her about almost ceaselessly over the face of the earth. She would settle down quietly for a little while in London, to the great joy of the friends who loved her. Then *die Reiselust* came on, and she had to go.

"Many Inventions" (Macmillan) seems a good name for Mr. Kipling's new collection of stories once you have read them. They are many inventions indeed, and many different kinds of invention. "The Disturber of Traffic" is a curious study in mania; "The Children of the Zodiac"—something of a failure, by-the-way—seems inspired by Miss Olive Schreiner. Mulvancy and Ortheris are on the scene again in "My Lord the Elephant" and "His Private Honour"; "Brugglesmith" is a fascinating tale of drunken facetiousness. "In the Rukh" breathes the poetry of the primitive forest; in "The Finest Story in the World" you are taken to the borders of the weird, and in "The Lost Legion," the best of them all, over the border into the supernatural.

In nearly all of them you can watch the strong dash of romance, which every year is asserting itself more and more in Mr. Kipling's work. It looks as if he were gradually feeling his way to something very far removed from "Plain Tales from the Hills." And it is, perhaps, in longing anticipation of that time that he dedicates in verse his "Many Inventions" "To the True Romance." Perhaps he is nearer his lady's presence than in his dedication he dares to think—

Thy face is far from this our war,
Our call and counter-cry;
I shall not find thee quick and kind,
Nor know thee till I die.

O. O.

SMALL TALK.

The heat of the Metropolis has been so abnormal of late that the desire of Sydney Smith to "take off his flesh and sit in his bones" must have been shared by many. One recalls with envy the costumes worn by some of the visitors to the Riviera in the earthquake year—the old lady (who shall be nameless) who left her hotel with her husband's trousers over her left arm and her wig in her right hand, and the Irish earl who fled to a bathing-machine with nothing on but his Order of St. Patrick. But though we may not in sober England emulate these cool and airy costumes, we do, some of us, seem to have the presence of mind to abandon the hateful chimney-pot hat, and put on a sensible one of straw. I met numbers of fashionable men last week who were courageous enough to make this sensible change in their headgear.

Theatrical ventures at the present time can hardly be described as flourishing like that fine Scriptural illustration of prosperity, the green bay-tree. The glorious summer weather that tempts us to enjoy the beauties of the wood, the sea, or the river does not help the disheartened manager to fill his half-empty house. At the present time the most popular stage favourites are ladies. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" draws crowds to the St. James's, the classic incongruities of "Niobe" fill the Strand, while the drawing powers of that eccentric female, "Charley's Aunt," seem inexhaustible. To this list of attractive damsels should certainly be added "Mam'zelle Nitouche" at the Trafalgar. I was out of town when she made her bow to the public, and it was only the other evening I had an opportunity of paying her a visit. I have not laughed so much for ages. The Major of that admirable actor, Robert Pateman, with his mashing song, is alone, as they say, worth all the money, and with unaffected and vivacious Miss May Yohé as the prize pupil at the convent, and Mr. Frank Wyatt in the dual rôle of organist and composer of comic opera, the fun is fast and furious, and most thoroughly enjoyable.

Much has been written of ladies' pockets. They have often been abused for being placed in such positions that they offer the strongest temptation to a purloiner. On the other hand, what married man has not been puzzled to obey his wife's behests when she has asked him to get something or other from the pocket of her dress? Even the actual owners of these mysteries are hard put to it sometimes to find scent-bottle or purse. I heard of a lady who, arrayed in a new frock, took a hansom the other day, and, on alighting, hunted vainly for the entrance to the pocket, where she had confidently placed her purse. The quest was so unduly prolonged that, at last her charioteer, who, I am afraid, was not a man of refinement, remarked from his perch: "Now, then, Marm, when you've quite done a-scratchin' of your back, will you pay me my fare?"

The mind of the late Mr. Thoms, whose *bête noire* was a centenarian, who, indeed, almost declined to believe in the existence of such a creature, would be much exercised just now could he return to this vale of tears and take a trip to Camberwell Workhouse, where last week Miss Polly Thompson, who is supposed to be the oldest woman in the kingdom, celebrated the 107th anniversary of her natal day with such rejoicings as her somewhat depressing surroundings permitted. Miss Thompson, in spite of her great age, is hale and hearty, and her more than a century of an existence that philosophers consider but a doubtful boon has not damped her spirits, which are described as quite juvenile in character. I hear that her "photo" was sent to the Queen the other day, and Her Majesty's private secretary wrote a kindly acknowledgment, which I have no doubt is not the least pleasant of the old lady's many experiences.

The good folks of Croydon have, it appears, determined on the fitting restoration of one of the most interesting buildings in their ancient town, the Archiepiscopal Palace, to wit. What may be the date of the earliest portions of this fine old palace it is difficult to determine, but it is supposed to have been founded by Lanfranc, and a certain prelate, Kilwardby by name, dated a mandate from it in 1273. The magnificent Great Hall was rebuilt by Cardinal Stafford in the middle of the fifteenth century, and its fine roof of Spanish chestnut, which in these more degenerate days has looked down on the washing and drying of linen, is still in excellent preservation. Here Archbishop Parker entertained for seven days the Virgin Queen, and though during the Commonwealth it was let on lease to a layman, the Earl of Nottingham, for £40 a year, it was given back to the Church at the Restoration, and was repaired and adorned by Archbishop Luxon, to whom Charles I. had whispered on the scaffold the enigmatical word "Remember." Since 1780, when it was sold to Sir Abraham Pitches, it has ceased to be a residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury.

It is hard when the wife of one's bosom objects to one's upper lip—indeed, the objection seems to savour of caprice, for surely when a *fiancée* the lady, unless a veritable "Ice Maiden," must have had an opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with it. Yet, in a recent divorce suit, not only was it stated by the husband that this was the case, but the poor gentleman's better half seems to have been distressed at the h's which were dropped by the lip in question. She also disliked the way in which her husband's hair was cut by the barber he patronised, and objected to the shape of his feet, though there was no evidence that he imprinted their shape upon her person as a sort of stamp duty. Then there seem to have been disagreements on theology and divergences

of opinion on the merits of the Sunday sermon. If Mr. Frederick Townshend's objectionable feet carried him to the house of some other lady, by whom his lip, his curls, and his theology were more appreciated than they were at home, it seems hardly to be wondered at.

A feminine "tiger" is a novelty. By-the-way, I don't mean the great striped cat of India—they have several lady tigers there. I mean the smart and tiny servant whose duty it is to stand behind the once fashionable cabriolet, drawn by a high-stepping horse. The other day a cab drawn by a real "Park-pacing" horse, and driven by a well-dressed man, was seen in the Park, and behind the vehicle stood a neatly-dressed handmaiden. Whether it was an eccentricity on the part of the owner, and the result of a wager, I cannot say, for I have been unable to discover. A feminine coachman has also been one of the sights of the Park several times this season. This workmanlike charioteer is Lady James Douglas, who handles the ribbons and keeps her team as well in hand as she feathers an oar, rides a horse, or shoots a pheasant, and to say this is to say that she does so uncommonly well.

Miss Marie Tempest is back in England. I met her the other morning, looking wonderfully well, most becomingly dressed, and in excellent spirits. No doubt she knew her costume became her; women mostly do. Miss Tempest has thoroughly enjoyed her last American trip, which has been a great success, "full houses all through." As the fair singer informed an interviewer that the Americans never tolerate a "poor artiste," but simply walk out, leaving artiste and empty benches to get on as best they can, we may conclude that Miss Tempest is *not* a poor artiste, and is aware of the fact. Such knowledge may be one of the reasons of Miss Tempest's radiant spirits. A good opinion of oneself is an excellent tonic.

The Goldsmiths' Hall, where the Duke of York lunched last week and took up the freedom of that company, though not one of the most ancient of the houses of our City guilds, is decidedly one of the most imposing. The magnificent marble staircase, with its beautiful groups of statuary, the drawing-room decorated lavishly in gold, with gilded furniture upholstered with splendid damask, and last, but not least, the great dining hall, give one an idea of the wealth and taste possessed by the ancient Guild of Goldsmiths. Of course, the display of gold and silver plate that decks the tables at the Goldsmiths' is remarkably fine, and one gazes with mingled feelings of admiration and covetousness on the great chalices and salvers, some of very ancient workmanship, that are displayed in an alcove at the end of the hall, where their beauties are heightened by the deep purple velvet of the altar on which they are cunningly arrayed. Some of these pieces were, I believe, wisely pawned by the Goldsmiths when Cromwell and his Puritans were engaged in visiting the rich and godless places of the City and despoiling them of their varied treasures. So, by a timely visit to their "uncle's," they escaped the spoiler.

Where are the *nouveaux riches*, those "new men" who in Tom Taylor's day looked so lovingly on, and purchased so readily the "old acres" that now and again came upon the market? Have they died out? It would almost seem so, for charm the auctioneer never so wisely purchasers for great properties are rare indeed. For Hedingham Castle, the other day, with all its historic associations, with its Norman keep, its sieges, and its recollections of the powerful Earls of Oxford, once its masters, not to mention its two thousand acres of land, no single bid was made, and so, like many another property of late, the "lot" was withdrawn.

Last Wednesday, the Children's Floral Parade at the Botanic Gardens quite eclipsed all previous exhibitions of the kind. The competitors were admirably judged, from an artistic point of view, by Sir Augustus Harris, assisted, as he said, by Lady Harris, charmingly gowned in black satin, trimmed with Venetian point. She held in her hand a posy of damask roses, relieved by asparagus, fern, and other foliage, the gift of the society. The Duchess of Teck, who was to present the prizes, accompanied by Princess May and a royal suite, arrived decidedly late. The children's faces were growing wan and the petals of the flowers were beginning to droop before the first notes of the National Anthem announced the arrival of the expected visitors, who, having rapidly presented the prizes, departed.

I have no desire to enter into detail. I will only notice some of the floral competitive studies, which more fully filled the eye as they passed in procession before hundreds of admiring spectators. I fully corroborated the artistic taste which awarded a first prize to "The Last Load," composed of grass sheaves loosely interspersed with poppies and wild flowers, on which a fair cherub child sat in white, a little mob cap crowning her golden locks. Master Routledge gallantly rode the diminutive piebald pony Good Friday, bedizened with pink sweet peas, the property of his grandfather, Sir Walter Gilbey; and Mr. Tutkins's shapely grey, caparisoned with red roses, was also awarded high honours. Originality of design was recognised in Sir Augustus's notice of "The Water Nymphs," portrayed by Mrs. Galloway's children, while Miss E. Soutter's "Greek Girl and Goat," with its artistic colouring and appropriate detail, was fully appreciated. A Japanese rickshaw, embowered in flowers, ran a sedan chair of the seventeenth century very close, while the lily-clad mail cart, presented by Mrs. White, took first honours in its class. Mr. Page, the society's obliging inspector, afforded the Press much assistance.

The birth of a son to the Saxon heir-apparent, Prince Frederick Augustus, has evoked the liveliest enthusiasm throughout Saxony. Moreover, the event has entirely upset a deep-rooted popular superstition, namely, that the first-born in the Royal House of Saxony would never be a boy, because he would have to embrace the Protestant faith. Although Saxon history does not entirely bear out this superstition, it is, nevertheless, a curious fact that for a whole century the succession in Saxony has not passed from father to son as the first-born. The present King and Queen are childless, and the throne passes through his Majesty's young brother to the latter's fourth child and eldest son, the above-named Prince Frederick Augustus, who was married at Vienna in 1891 with such pomp to the Archduchess Louise of Austria. This princess, by-the-way, has, by her natural and lively temper, won all hearts in her new home. In Dresden she is called "the charming Austrian." That the union is one of pure affection is evident to all who see them stroll arm-in-arm *en bourgeois*, chatting and laughing, through the streets of Dresden. The little baby-prince has been baptised George Ferdinand.

The "dashing *militaire*," of whom Mr. Arthur Roberts used to sing with so much *verve*, has long been one of the stock characters in comic



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N. W.
MR. SCOTT FISHE IN "JANE ANNIE."

opera. One remembers vividly the chorus of heavy dragoons and the recipe for their creation in "Patience." There was a distinct *raison d'être* for their existence in that opera. In "Jane Annie" we are introduced to a troop of Lanciers; why, I don't know; but that's a detail. One does not stop to question their relevancy in presence of the infectious merriment of their gallant captain, Jack, who invaded a ladies' seminary, and all for the love of a "ladye." Mr. Scott Fishe is this jolly, jaunty Jack. Operatically, he has been a Jack of all Trades—that is to say, he started his theatrical career in the chorus; he mounted to the place of an understudy in "Ivanhoe" at

the late lamented Royal English Opera, and then set out on his travels. He wandered all over South America, up to Peru, crossed the Andes, and was shipwrecked in the John Elder. On his return to this country he made another ascent, by getting a principal part, Tommy Merton, in "The Vicar of Bray" at the Savoy. This was followed by his appearance in "Ma Mie Rosette," where, but for illness, he would have taken the part played by Mr. Oudin. He has, however, won his good conduct prize in "Jane Annie," where he sings and plays with enormous "go."

Sandown was less an occasion of frocks than festivity on Thursday. Colours and conglomeration were certainly in the ascendant, but Worth or Doucet would not have marked the occasion in sartorial red letters. Miss Julia Neilson wore an eccentric combination of serge and white flieu; but she can pretty well wear anything. For the rest, there was a brunette in lurid red with a batwing arrangement in black accordion silk, and a pretty little woman in a modified kimono with wonderful embroidery, a dress which created a small sensation at Ascot. A lady in very green batiste, of the unripe gooseberry ilk, should have worn a more redundant complexion, for the shade is trying. One of our season's beauties made an apparent impression on the virgin-wax affections of the happy American who came in for £100,000 last birthday, and so on. From the sportsman's point of view it was the unexpected which happened a good deal. Worcester was in favour, but Dame President was thought a safe thing by most, while Petrina, under the distinguished auspices of Tommy Loates, had her devotees. This Clarence and Avondale occasion was the race of the day, of course. But the thousand sovereigns stakes were very inaptly baptised. For one thing, the Prince would probably have gone down but for the absolute want of tact displayed in this painful reminder. Why not have called the new stakes Duke of York, or anything else except what they were? At such a time as the present the summer handicap was a capital race, Nobleman and Quickfoot were neck and neck for quite half the run, and there was jubilation among a good many ladies when Nobleman stretched his neck for the final flourish. Mrs. Langtry retains her good fortune. Perfect weather crowned the day, and a cool breeze made a great improvement on the melting moments we endured at Ascot. The only visible limpness was in the strawberries at tea-time, and they were, if possible, more mixed than the company.

Apropos of the presence in town of the celebrated French company, a book called "La Comédie Française à Londres," published by Paul Ollendorf, for whom Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. are agents, is of considerable interest. The book contains M. Got's diary of the 1871 expedition and that of M. Sarcy, who came over in '79. The preface is by M. Georges d'Heylli, who gives an account of two unofficial ventures in 1749 and 1848, which proved disastrous. The most interesting in many ways of the tours was that of '71. It was undertaken simply to make money at a time when ruin threatened the celebrated society. The siege of Paris, of course, did terrible harm to the Maison de Molière, and on the top of it came the horrors of the Commune. So dire was the position that timid members proposed a liquidation and dissolution; others suggested a loan, if a lender could be found. M. Got then had the idea that money might be made in England, so off he came to London, with very little in his pocket, and, after troublesome bargaining, engaged the Opéra Comique at a rent of £110 a week. Much difficulty was found in persuading the Communist authorities to allow the society to depart, but at length fifteen members of the company got away, leaving enough behind to keep the theatre open. Among those who stayed in Paris were Coquelin cadet and Mdlle. Reichenberg, now in London, while MM. Got and Febvre and Madame Boucher came over. The state of affairs in Paris may be judged by the fact that the best business done was £29, the worst two guineas, and the average £9 10s. per performance. Luckily, the London troupe, despite high prices and scant advertisement—as to which M. Got makes this ingenious remark, "À défaut d'autre réclame, l'insistance de la cherté en serait une pour nous"—did very fair business, and the result of its season was a balance in the treasury of £680, after paying all the loss in Paris. Thus the society was saved from a "catastrophe financière inévitable."

That cats had nine lives I knew, but that a cat could imbibe enough poison to kill three men, and yet be well and happy, I only learned a few days ago. This cat was not in a show; he was quite a common cat, a very common cat indeed, and he lived and lives in a modest establishment in Greater London. No Persian beauty, but a *Felis vulgaris*, whose vulgarity became of so pronounced a type that it was decided, in spite of the prayers and protestations of the juniors, that he must die. So he was sent in a new and comfortable hamper to the chemist's, and the servant who took him was to bring back his body to show that no deception had been practised. In his absence his grave was carefully and considerably dug beneath a spreading tree, and all was ready for the last solemn obsequies. The servant returned in due course, but without the cat. The chemist had been compelled to confess that Tom had "burst his chains with one strong bound," and had vanished over the garden wall; but there was no doubt, "no possible probable shadow of doubt," that he "had swallowed enough poison to kill three men," and must have dropped a lifeless corse ere he had run a hundred yards. It seemed useless to invoke the Habeas Corpus Act under these circumstances: there was no saying where the corpus might be, so how could my friends have it? Late that night there was a scratching and a plaintive mewing at the street door. As it was "the witching time of night, when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead," the superstitious of the party thought that Tom's ghost was already revisiting "the glimpses of the moon." By no means. When the door was opened Tom strolled in, purring now with tail erect, and excellently well pleased with his performance. My friends have not had the heart to order a second execution, and they are on the horns of a dilemma. Is that local chemist of excellent report a sad romancer, or have they a phenomenal pussy who is proof against the deadliest and most potent drugs?

Mascagni will hardly believe in the future that the Continental view of the coldness of the English is well founded. His reception when he appeared in the orchestra to conduct "L'Amico Fritz" was certainly enthusiastic. Not content with giving him such a reception, the house, and a full house, too, called him heartily after each act. Who would not be a musician? In no other profession can one's vanity have such exquisite pleasure. The actor and singer may have similar applause, but they know that with them passes away all real appreciation of their work; they have but a life interest in it. The dramatist is called before the curtain, and has praise full and direct; but he only speaks in one tongue and to one people. The musician alone has the immediate applause of actor, singer, and dramatist, and, since he speaks all tongues, has it in all lands, and if his work be good will have a fee-simple of appreciation.

Mascagni, too, was entitled to more than composer's greeting, for he handled the orchestra admirably, and revealed beauties in his work which had passed unnoticed before. What is the quality of the work? Well, it certainly has one lovely number—the duet in the second act—and contains a great deal more that is charming. At the same time, one must not do Mascagni or other musicians the injustice of pretending that it is a masterpiece. Throughout the composer shows an artistic feeling of restraint and great nicety in choice of phrase, but in quality, and, if the term be usable, in quantity, of invention his work does not come within the first class, hardly the second. Let him be welcomed and admired, but not placed on a giddy height where the air would be too rare for him to live. As for the performance, one can simply say that it is another triumph for Madame Calvé, and for her as much an acting as a singing success.

OUR FIRST AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.

"ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

The United States of America have conferred no little honour on England, while properly representing their own greatness, by sending as their first Ambassador a man of such well-trying statesmanship, high mental culture, ancient lineage, and exceptionally distinguished presence as are to be found in his Excellency the Honourable Thomas Francis Bayard, who presented his credentials to the Queen at Windsor Castle last Friday. When I called on Mr. Bayard a day or two ago I felt at once that I was meeting a man who would assuredly make a mark on the history of those international relations which probably will for ever subsist between the Old Country and the New.

"And is this your first visit to England, Mr. Bayard?" I asked when we were seated.

"Oh, no. I have been over here twice before, in the autumn of '71 and '79; and I enjoyed those holiday trips exceedingly, although on the former occasion I was troubled with an impairment of eyesight, brought on by overwork, but I obtained complete relief by making a tour on foot through Switzerland."

"And how did London then impress you?"

"Very greatly indeed. I was intensely interested in studying its social machinery, its civic institutions, and the current political questions of the day, and in paying visits to many of the historic spots; in short, the whole country afforded me sources of most interesting and instructive information. I recall a most pleasant visit to the late Lord Iddesleigh, then Sir Stafford Northcote, at The Pynes, near Exeter."

"And, of course, you visited the sister Universities?"

"Certainly. I went to Oxford and Cambridge. That was on my second visit, in '79, when I met Mr. Gladstone for the first time at dinner. This was in London, at the house of Lord Rosebery, with whom I was very glad to renew those friendly regards previously formed in America."

"I believe you have, since your recent arrival, paid more than one visit to the House of Commons?"

"Yes; and I was specially interested in the debate on the International Arbitration Bill. I was rejoiced to note that Mr. Gladstone in debate skilfully sustained his great reputation, not only in graceful oratory and in the substance of his speech, but also in the vigour of his physical appearance."

"As I am somewhat curious to know, will you kindly tell me if your powers as Ambassador are more responsible than those of the Ministers who have previously represented the United States at our Court?"

"No; there is no difference, except in titular designation. The official title of Ambassador has more practical significance here in England and on the Continent than in the United States. Our written Constitution uses indifferently the terms Ambassador or Minister, but in England the Diplomatic Service is a thing apart. It has its special regulations and grades, which are as yet unknown in the American Diplomatic Service."

"Now I am going to ask you what is your opinion of our London Press?"

"Oh, I have long been impressed by its thorough organisation, the completeness of its many departments, and the marked ability of its editorial writers. I have usually subscribed to two English papers when at home. But if you ask me about the illustrated papers, though I think them unquestionably admirable, yet I cannot say I think that in the United States we have any reason to shun comparison on this score, especially in the art of wood engraving."

"I suppose you entertain great hopes of the World's Fair working a salutary effect on international trade, Mr. Bayard?"

"Most certainly," he replied, with decision. "I am convinced that it will make a profound impression on all countries. It is so catholic in its aims. Its effect can scarcely fail to be remarkable in advancing every department of human exertion. Besides, the series of conventions of publicists, scientists, jurists, artists, &c., from all civilised countries, cannot fail to bring the world closer together and enlarge the scope of mutual comprehension; indeed, one can scarcely conceive a more liberal illustration of universal brotherhood."

"As our readers will be sure to want to know if you are lineally descended from the Chevalier Bayard *sans peur et sans reproche*, may I ask the question?"

"Certainly; but I must answer in the negative to your query, since you must remember that the Chevalier was reputed to have been an unmarried man," he replied, with a smile. "My ancestors were of French origin, coming from the province of Dauphiny shortly before the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. They found refuge in Holland from religious persecution for many years, subsequently emigrating to America about two and a half centuries ago, the first of my name in America having been Madame Anna Bayard, a widow, who, in 1647, accompanied her brother, Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch Governor, to New Amsterdam, now New York."

"You were born in Wilmington, in the State of Delaware, I think, Mr. Bayard?" I next asked.

"I was. It is a good-sized city of about 65,000 inhabitants, doing an active trade in diverse manufactures. There are large iron works and shipbuilding yards. I have spent many years of my life in Washington, where for sixteen years I was member of the United States Senate; and for four years was the Secretary of State. Since March 1889 I have resumed my profession of the law. There you have my career in a nutshell," he said, with a pleasant smile.

T. H. L.

The Liberal Convention, which has been meeting at Ottawa, has been the greatest party gathering ever known in the Dominion, nearly 2000 delegates being in attendance. Its principal object was to perfect party organisation, and to agree upon a platform to present to the people at the next general election. The Hon. Wilfred Laurier, the chairman, has indicated that tariff reform and reciprocity will be the principal features of the Liberal policy.

"My loyalty," Mr. Laurier declared, in a way that will gratify patriotic Englishmen, "does not ooze from the pores of my body, but I do want to go for our example to the mother country, and not to the United States."

The interest of British Columbia in the Behring Sea dispute was insisted on strongly by Mr. Robinson, Q.C., at the Arbitration Court on Wednesday. He pointed out that, with a population of less than 100,000, British Columbia had invested half a million dollars in this industry, and over a thousand persons were employed. This represented four or five thousand persons supported by it, not to mention the Indians sealing along the coast, who took skins worth 30,000 dollars annually, and the produce in 1891 was nearly 50,000 skins, worth over 500,000 dollars.

A comprehensive enactment has been passed by the Ontario Legislature for the better protection of children. It is based on the principle that every child born in the country has its own rights as a citizen, which its parents cannot alienate. Every city is made responsible to the Provincial Government for the welfare of its waifs and strays and of the children of dissolute parents.

A boy, a toy pistol, matches, and a barn. Only that and nothing more, but half of the town of Gibson, New Brunswick, is in ashes thereby. The loss amounts to 200,000 dollars.

A good beginning has been made with the proposed Australia-Canada fruit trade. A consignment of Queensland fruit has arrived at Ottawa, via the new direct line between Sydney and Vancouver, in a condition satisfactory on the whole.

Gain in loss is more than merely poetic justice. Here is Queensland, despite the misfortune of the floods, outstripping all the Australian colonies in the value of her exports, which increased from £8,305,387 in 1891 to £9,170,408 in 1892.

A San Francisco man has been giving the American papers a terrible account of Australia. It is "simply awful," he says, and he advises all Americans to steer clear of it. "In Sydney every day at twelve o'clock a procession three or four blocks long can be seen going in the direction of the Government soup-house, where pea soup is served the hungry thousands. Some of the men are in such a condition from hunger that their hands even tremble, but, thank God, I never saw an American in the procession. They are smooth enough to get something to eat without going to the Government soup-house. If there is one there are 50,000 unemployed in Australia, and fully fifty per cent. belong to the labouring classes."

The doctrine of Australia for the Australians has quite a logical sequence in each colony for its own inhabitants. In New South Wales no one may obtain an auctioneer's license who is not a resident in the colony. This does not hold good of Victoria, however, so that New South Wales comes across the Murray to ply business, while Victorians are prohibited from invading New South Wales. The Victorian feels aggrieved, and has been remonstrating with Sir George Dibbs. But it is no use.

The acclimatisation of foreign animals in New Zealand is proceeding satisfactorily. English pheasants, Teneriffe partridges and grouse, and Virginian quail have been introduced during the past year.

Sir Lothian Nicholson, the Governor of Gibraltar, has been suffering from a sharp attack of malarial fever.

There is something to be explained in the exile of the editor of the seditious Cairo newspaper, *Ustaz*, for the Egyptian Government have given him £400 compensation and £25 monthly while he remains abroad. Such an award seems to be in the nature of a bribe to procure his silence.

Like some of the Australian colonies, Cape Town is aiming at securing a market in London for its surplus fruit. The net results are, on the whole, encouraging, the total value of the exports of five-month season 1892-3 being £6636.

Bermuda continues to prosper, in spite of the McKinley tariff, which shuts out part of her products from the United States, for the tariff neutralises itself.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.—Pure and wholesome.
BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.—Entirely free from alum.
BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.—Largest sale in the world.—[ADVT.]

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A SNAP-SHOT.



BY HELEN MATHERS.

Curlew, sea-gulls, wild duck, had, one and all, evaded me that afternoon, and I tramped across the sand and the seaweed towards Broadstairs, disgusted with my want of luck or skill. I paused awhile in Westgate Bay—a very “enchanted isle” of exquisite colour, for it was now sunset—then went on to St. Mildred’s Bay, less beautiful, perhaps, in its skies, but a nest of green loveliness, that made me long to tarry there awhile, and so—for the tide was now flowing swiftly in—I climbed to the cliff that separates the aristocratic from her vulgar sister, and saw Margate, as it were, within shouting distance before me.

I was tired. My gun grew heavy all at once, for I had walked twenty miles since morning. I sat down behind a tussock on the short, dry turf that overhangs the sea, and presently following the good old ancient’s advice that it is better to lie than to sit, stretched myself out and lay staring at the sky.

Perhaps I drowsed. The air was so entrancingly sweet—not seductive, but bracing, and healing you of all sorts of morbid aches against your will; but when I looked up it was dusk, and a woman was running full tilt past me, and directly towards the edge of the cliff. You can’t mistake it—the creature running away from or to death, and I knew in a moment that this was some devil-driven mortal who wanted and knew nothing except to come for ever and ever to a full-stop.

I was not fifty feet from the cliff; she not a dozen. Below was a fall of some three hundred feet—and I can’t tell how it happened that, without a second’s hesitation, I deliberately lifted my gun to my shoulder and fired. She fell to the ground, and I came up with her in a few strides, my brain in a whirl.

I knew that her leg was broken, but I doubt if she felt any pain. I believe her soul was at that instant going over the edge of the cliff, though something had jerked her body back for the moment, and



I deliberately lifted my gun to my shoulder and fired.



A very real 'Arry and 'Arriet, arm in arm.

her eyes looked at and passed me, as if someone beyond beckoned to her.

"Why do you want to kill yourself?" I said somewhat roughly.

"Why did you shoot me?" she said, coming back to earth with a shiver and start.

"Because there was no other way of stopping you."

"It was not your business to stop me."

I don't know which struck me the more forcibly, the blueness of her eyes or the obstinacy of her small white face. But one thing I was sure of, that if I turned my back on her for one second she would drag herself, broken leg and all, to the accomplishment of what was in her mind.

"Where do you live?" I said.

She pointed over her shoulder towards St. Mildred's Bay.

"Ask for Whitecotes," she said, "and tell them to send somebody here immediately."

I shook my head, and swept the cliff with my eyes. There was not a soul within sight. It was not yet Easter, and all the loveliness of the little place was for the few who loved Westgate all the year round, not the many who came at times of holiday, and usually did not understand it.

When I looked at her again, I saw that she was clenching her teeth to keep back a moan of pain. Already the tortures of imagination were paling before sheer downright physical pain, and possibly an idea was beginning to glimmer in her mind that she had been a fool, and a criminal fool to boot.

"Well," she said sharply, "why don't you go? It will be dark presently, and it is growing cold."

"It would have been colder over there," I said, pointing to the cliff, beyond which a distant streak of sea was visible to me, but not to her as she lay.

She shivered.

"After all," she said, "I might not have been killed outright. I might have broken up into little pieces, and been alive in the biggest piece—and I should have suffered hell myself, instead of making"—she paused—"another person suffer."

"Yes."

I thought I could make out a figure—or two intertwined as one—coming towards us from the direction of Margate, and soon a very real 'Arry and 'Arriet, arm in arm, and making all the noise absolutely essential to bucolic love-making, hove in view. I shouted and waved my cap to them, and they came stumbling over the tussocks, open-mouthed, giggling, and holding convulsively on to each other.

"There has been an accident," I said, "and I want help from Westgate. Will you do me the great favour to call at Whitecotes" ["It is a big house with a white balcony," put in the girl] "and say

the young lady staying there is hurt, and will someone come at once, and bring something on which to carry her home?"

"Pore girl!" said 'Arriet, disentangling her best top-feather from 'Arry's red whiskers, "she do look bad, to be sure. What's the hinjury, Miss?"

"A broken leg," I said briefly. "Now, do, like good souls, hurry up, and enable me to get her home." 'Arriet's kind heart showed itself on the spot. Though yearning to know all the particulars, she promptly clutched 'Arry round the neck, and hurried him off at breakneck speed towards the town. I watched them flounder along, sticking to each other like two limpets, till the distant sea-walk had swallowed them up, and when I next looked at my quarry she was laughing—with a tear in her eye.

"They'll never want to go over a cliff," she said, "or, if they do, it will be together."

"No," I said; "I think they both have too much principle."

"One's life is one's own," she said sharply, "to do as one likes with."

"Only if there is not one single human soul on earth to suffer through your cowardice," I said. "And surely you are not so utterly alone as that! Even then it would be a crime."

"A coward," she said, looking at me with eyes that shone like blue stars in her wan face; "you call me that? But don't you think it requires some courage to take the leap that you hindered me from taking?"

"No, it is utter failure in moral courage; and that is the only courage I recognise. My sex is usually much more deficient in it than yours."

It was growing dark. I stood straining my eyes for those approaching



Something long and dark, carried by two men, loomed out of the darkness.

figures that should relieve me of responsibility. I had not thought of what my explanation of the situation would be till she said—

"What are you going to say?"

I looked at her steadily.

"Do you mean to try and do it again?" I said.

No answer. Only a closer folding up of the little, obstinate mouth.

"Because, if so, I must tell the truth—that I deliberately 'winged' you, to save you from worse things."

She looked up at me. Her hat lay on the ground, and I could dimly see her brown hair clustered in thick curls, like a child's, round her head.

"Are you married?" she said.

"No."

"Then you don't understand."

"Are you?"

She held up the very smallest hand I ever saw in a woman. It was her left, and it had a wedding-ring on it.

"So there is somebody to be sorry?" I exclaimed.

"He would be glad," she said, and fell sideways and lay perfectly still.

So she had fainted at last, and even had I had my brandy-flask with me I would not have tried to bring her to. For the time pain had stopped, and she was happy. To me she looked like a little dead bird—a soft fluff of ruffled feathers lying there at my feet; yet I thanked God from my soul for the chance that had taken me out that day and bade me lie down and rest by this spot. I could not have told how long it was before something long and dark, carried by two men, loomed on us out of the darkness, headed by someone who dashed down on his knees beside what lay on the ground, and laid his cheek to that little, cold white one.

"Good God!" he burst out in agony. "She's dead!"

"No—fainted," I said. "But take care"—as he would have snatched her up in his arms. "Her leg is broken. It was my doing. I shot her—by accident."

"Curse you for a fool!" he cried savagely. "What business has a blankety-blank idiot like you out with a gun? My poor little girl!" His voice changed abruptly to a sob, and with infinite tenderness he helped the bearers to lay her on the long invalid chair they had brought, and covered her up close with a great sable rug.

It was quite dark now; but someone had brought a lantern, and when the procession began to move the girl opened her eyes.—full on the man for whom, or because of whom, she had tried to take that leap which I had stopped.

"Ben," she said falteringly, "Ben."

He stooped and kissed her. It seemed as if his dark head would never rise again. She stretched out a little pallid hand and laid it on his hair. I am sure that both of them had absolutely forgotten time and place and surroundings; they saw, felt, were aware of nothing but one another.

I watched them move away. I was alone, with only the star-pierced blue sky above me, and the wash of the surf at the cliff below for company. Suddenly I heard myself called.

"Friend! friend!" It sounded as piercingly sweet and urgent as the nightingale's voice when he sings with his breast to a thorn.

I ran to her, and she looked up in my face. "He knows," she said in a whisper; "he will thank you himself by-and-bye."

I pressed her hand, and fell back.

For a moment I thought they had all gone on. Then I felt, rather than saw, that her husband was beside me.

"I don't ask your forgiveness," he said, in the deep voice of a strongly moved man. "I only say, God bless you! God bless you! for you've saved not one soul, but two, from perdition to-day."

We clasped hands warmly, and for a moment there was silence.

"Don't think me worse than I am," he said; "but we had quarrelled, and she was jealous. An old sin had come to light, and the poor child got a letter in which everything was distorted; and she thought I liked the other woman best; and she didn't know what brutes men are. So, without my knowing it, she ran out, quite mad for the time, and you saved her."

"I couldn't do it any other way," I said. "I hoped to bring her down without much injury. Luckily, it was a single bullet—but go to her now."

Once more we gripped each other's hands and parted.

I went on my way, and on the following day I returned to town. I never made any inquiries. I never knew their names from that day to this. Only, not so long ago I saw two bright faces smiling and nodding furiously at me from a passing hansom as I went swiftly by in an opposite direction, and I knew—well, I knew—that my "snap-shot" had proved a success.

In the cosy West Theatre of the Albert Hall, Mrs. Walter Wood gave her first recital on the 20th. She has a pleasing voice and a graceful manner, which should certainly recommend her. Mrs. Wood's best recitation was Hans Andersen's "The Swineherd," but she must also be complimented on the naïveté with which she gave Bret Harte's "Battle Hollow." Other items on the programme included piano solos, excellently played by Mr. John St. O. Dykes; violin selections by Master Jasha Hambourg; songs by Miss Damian, who is always welcome, and a "Tempest Dance" by Miss Abbott Fuller. An Eastern story, adapted by "Sa'di in the Garden," was prettily interpreted in costume.

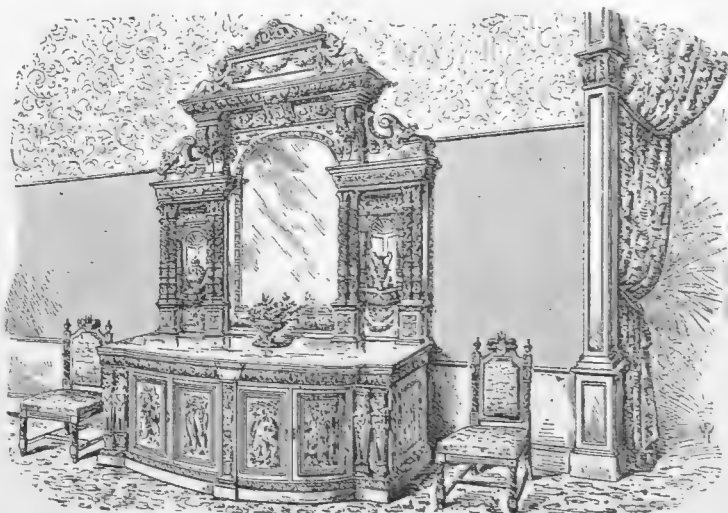
THE KING OF SIAM'S FURNITURE.

The King of Siam has joined the ranks of the Anglomaniacs. Time was when his house was French from top to bottom; but his Majesty has now refurnished his hearth and home on English lines. For some



THE KING AND HIS THREE CHILDREN.

months Messrs. Hewetson, Milner, and Thexton, Tottenham Court Road, have been making elaborate suites of furniture for the King under the eye of the Siamese Ambassador. That of the dining-room is in solid mahogany, very elaborately carved, the carving of the sideboard alone



THE DINING-ROOM SIDEBOARD.

having taken three months. The dining-room chairs are upholstered in morocco to imitate crocodile skin. The other rooms for which furniture is being made are the drawing-room, billiard-room, library, hall, and two bed-rooms.



AN ELABORATE CABINET.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

STATESMAN AND SCRIBE.*

An occidental traveller in the East, standing before the great shrine at Kamakura, once expressed a wish that Buddha could behold his own image. To pursue that regret into the Temple of Literature one might mentally ejaculate on laying down the compact volume just issued by Osgood, McIlvaine, "Oh, that Horace Walpole could read Mr. Austin Dobson on himself." Famous men ere they die generally appoint



HORACE WALPOLE.

a biographer, actuated, doubtless, by a futile sort of hope that in such wise their reputations may elude hostile persecution. Walpole made Miss Berry his literary executor, which did not, however, silence Macaulay. How the Abbot of Strawberry Hill would have withered under that *Edinburgh Review* onslaught! But after the lapse of a century, when friend and foe were alike with the shades, an ideal biographer was to rise up for Horace Walpole—one with vast knowledge of his age, for few people know anything so well as Mr. Austin Dobson knows the eighteenth century, and with acute sympathies for its ideals—a *littérateur* like Horace himself, and something, moreover, of a *dilettante*, whose well-poised sentences and neat literary style no one would have appreciated more keenly than the subject of his memoir.

And a fascinating subject it is when all is told—that of a man of well-equipped mind, moving as a *persona grata* among the *fine fleur* of his world, then retiring to criticise its shortcomings from the sybarite seclusion of his Gothic castle. Its feverish political life he had also special facilities for observing. Horace Walpole was the son of that curious mixture of country squire and politician, Sir Robert Walpole, Prime Minister during the reign of the second George. Though his achievements at Eton do not seem to have been striking, he made friends destined to be a joy for ever to him, with the exception, perhaps, of Gray, whom he quarrelled with on the grand tour that they travelled together. Later on in life Walpole and Gray picked up the threads of their friendship. If the youthful arrogance of the former divided them, it must not be forgotten that the famous "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" was given to the world mainly through Walpole's instrumentality.

Walpole's return to England was soon followed by his father's downfall and retirement to Houghton, where Horace proceeded to arrange its picture gallery and to make epigrams on *ennui* for the benefit of his assiduous correspondent Conway. His affection for his father seems to have been one of the sincerest emotions in his life. Though never an ardent politician, his father's enmities he perpetuated with interest, and never lost a chance of satirising those who had driven him from office. As the son of a Prime Minister, a Parliamentary career was at his feet, but, though he represented Castle Rising and Lynn for several years, his removal after Lord Orford's death to Twickenham was soon followed by his entire cessation from political activity.

After the establishment of his private printing press at Strawberry Hill, Walpole began seriously to scale the steep of Parnassus. His "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors" was succeeded by the first quartos of "Anecdotes of Painting" and the "Letter from Xo-Ho," supposed to be an epistle from a Chinese philosopher in London to a comrade in Peking. It was doubtless modelled on Montesquieu's "Lettres Persanes," and contains some sallies of barbed wit at the

expense of his political opponents, and a petulant protest at the variations of the English climate, which has the merit of enduring vitality. Many works of varied authorship were put forth at this period from the Strawberry Hill press, and in 1764 Walpole's famous romance, "The Castle of Otranto," saw the light. Its pseudo-Gothicism and artificial sentiment set a fashion in fiction—a fashion that now lies buried beneath fathoms of realism in an unhonoured grave.

The close of 1765 saw Walpole in gay Lutetia, whence he writes to Montague, ridiculing the vogue of Richardson and Hume and the philosophic affectation of society, a pessimistic frame of mind induced by an unpropitious attack of gout. Once cured, he is able to sun himself in the smiles of the Duchesse de Choiseul and other of her beautiful contemporaries. A sense of *bien-être* ousts his melancholy, and he records his impression in delightful letters to Lady Hervey and Gray. His meeting with Madame du Deffand occurred during this visit, and she became henceforth, in spite of her advanced age, his devoted friend and correspondent. Walpole was essentially a ladies' man, and that in the best sense of the term. In the gentle art of making feminine friends—an art the rudiments of which are unknown to our generation—Walpole was a past-master. His mind had just that feminine quality necessary to this relation, and his best letters are undoubtedly those written to women. He was too feline, too *petit-maître* to escape masculine contempt, but the *mondaines* of London and Paris and his fair neighbours at Strawberry Hill polished his youth and cheered his old age.

Returning from the Continent, he resumed his literary labours, and continued the construction of his curious polyglot mansion. "The Mysterious Mother" and a description of his villa were published, with "Cornélie," a tragedy by Madame du Deffand's friend, President Hénault, "Historic Doubts," and Grammont's Memoirs. Then followed his brief relations with Chatterton, of which his enemies have made so much. Here Mr. Dobson is at pains to point out that Walpole acted quite as any rational person would have done, and must be exonerated from any share of responsibility in Chatterton's tragic end.

But the ice of age was beginning to narrow his sympathies and gout to impede his activities. By the time Strawberry Hill was completed Walpole was almost a prisoner in his house. He confines his social pleasures to "keeping an inn at the sign of the Gothic Castle," as he describes his hospitalities in a letter to Cole. Fêtes to the ambassadors of France and Spain and other distinguished visitors are recorded, and his "whole time is employed in writing tickets of admission to the picture gallery, and hiding himself when it is on view."

At the time of his belated succession to the earldom of Orford most of his correspondents were dead. He was spending a good deal of time at his house in Arlington Street. Writing to Lady Ossory, he says, "I seldom stir out of my house before seven in the evening, see very few persons, and go to fewer places; make no new acquaintances, and have seen most of my old wear out." An exception to this generality was his friendship with the two Misses Berry, which began as the leaves of life were falling fast around him. They lived with their father near



STRAWBERRY HILL IN WALPOLE'S TIME.

to Walpole, on Twickenham Common, and certainly did much to soothe his path to the grave, while his friendship gave them a footing in the highest society, where they were previously unknown. His last days were passed in the company of his "twin wives," as he called them, between his beloved Blue Room at Strawberry Hill and his new town house in Berkeley Square, which he only moved into a few months before his death in 1797.

In the concluding chapter Mr. Dobson balances the pros and cons of Horace Walpole's many-sided individuality with a nice discrimination. His niche in the Temple of Fame may not be—is not on an archangelic level; but in that aisle reserved for masters of the epistolary art posterity will scarcely grudge him a unique and immortal place.

R. D.

* "Horace Walpole." A Memoir by Austin Dobson. (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.)

THE ART OF THE DAY.



THE MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.

BY CARL GUTHERZ.

ART NOTES.

For some weeks past a room in the British Embassy at Paris has served as a temporary studio for the painting of the portrait of the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava by Carl Guthertz to the order of the Ladies' Art Association of America (National), who chose Lady Dufferin's non-sectarian healing service to the women of India as the highest expression of the philanthropy of Europe and a record of the progress of Christian thought.

The painting has left for Chicago, but it returns to the Salon (by invitation) of 1894. Its permanent home is Washington. A French opinion of the portrait is best expressive of the artist's intention and result, and is about as follows: "The portrait, as a whole," says one of the French masters, "impresses one as of a person of great dignity and sweetness. It has a quiet action—that is, a forward movement of the upper part of the figure, turning to the right, in the direction of the head and eyes. The treatment of the drawing and the colour is what might be called semi-decorative, stepping out of the conservative portrait—realistic into the pictorial-decorative, without losing itself in the sometimes thin and vapoury qualities of the latter; in fact, it might be called a medium between Carolus-Duran and Puvis de Chavannes, and one can only realise its charm, power, and force when, after seeing it closely, one steps back as far as possible, and gets the whole contour and large, simple outlines of the whole." It has no strong contrasts of light and shade—rather the effect of a judicious employment of colours.

The figure is draped in a white satin and gold brocade robe, and is seated in a gold and yellow satin chair—the historical chair of the Embassy—and is relieved by a violet-purple background, and the darkest point is the hair, on which rests a tiara of diamonds—the shamrocks of the lady's land. Jewels and orders embellish the throat and shoulders, and the Order of the Sultan crosses the breast. The arms are beautifully reposeful, and there is a graceful sense of forgetfulness about the droop of the hands into the flowers, which hundreds of visitors to the exhibition at Ledelmeyer's Gallery point out. "How easy!" "What abandon!" "How natural!" or "How careless!" (meaning the carelessness of care, no doubt), were the expressions used. The United States Senator Morgan, of the Behring Sea Commission, was most enthusiastic over the portrait, saying, after he had pointed out this beauty of the hands (always so difficult in a portrait), "I am proud of the lady, proud of the portrait, and proud that my country is going to own the picture." As he has given the artist an order to paint his own portrait, his admiration is, no doubt, sincere. A very noticeable quality of the painting is the

background, which was complimented by many of the visitors who had lived in India. It is the purple in the afterglow of the Himalayas. The artist's idea was to suggest by this India casting its twilight through the palms that seem to crown the lady's head, and whose branches bow in beatitude over a good work.

Among the prices paid at recent sales, a Hobbema, in a slack season, has secured the highest price of £4725. It was a very beautiful work, representing a woody landscape with a flooded road in the foreground. Once more one was able to appreciate this master's exquisite sense of line in trees, a kind of massive delicacy which is as subtly expressed as it is boldly conceived. After the Hobbema, two Ruysdaels also realised large sums, one, "An Overshot Mill," fetching £1785, another, "A Landscape," representing an old cottage under a group of fine trees, selling for £1260.

The sole artistic excitement now agitating the minds of men is the subject of excavations, and the yield of ancient art forms which they surrender. The researches of Dr. Orsi, which are now brought to a close, have resulted in very singular and valuable discoveries, of which Mr. F. Halbherr reminds us. Some terra-cotta figures, for example, have been recovered, representing the Egyptian figure *Bes* and *figurini*. Quite a large quantity of Proto-Corinthian and Corinthian vases were discovered, one of which is declared to be of exquisite workmanship and finish, resembling two examples in the British and Berlin Museums.

The report is also just being issued upon the excavations which the members of the British School at Athens had undertaken at Megalopolis. It is understood that the pamphlet will contain an elaborate collection of papers written by various members of that school. Mr. W. J. Woodhouse has contributed the historical sketch, the narrative of the labours which have been undertaken has been written by Mr. W. Loring, and various communications have been made by Mr. R. W. Schultz, Mr. Richards, and Mr. E. Gardner.

What's in a jug? Sometimes art, sometimes archæology. A jug, however, distinguished for both qualities was sold at Christie's a few days ago, having belonged in the heyday, liquor-filled period of its existence to no less a person than Shakspeare. It is of earthenware, it is cream-coloured, it is 9 in. in height, and it is described as "some-what in the shape of a modern coffee-pot." The description continues to the effect that "it is divided along its length into eight compartments, each of which is horizontally subdivided." A silver top and a medallion portrait of the poet were added early in this century. It may be additionally stated that, together with Shakspeare's jug, his Malacca cane was also disposed of. But its interest may be regarded as solely archæological and personal.

The prudence of the Scot is well illustrated by the murmurs of dissatisfaction that are just now filling the air in connection with the purchase of works for the city collection of Glasgow. The sum which is yearly put between the fingers of the Parks and Galleries Trust is no less than £700, and for the last two or three years not a penny of that sum has been expended upon any work of art, so that an amount equivalent to something near £2000 is now at the disposal of the cautious Corporation. The "Daphnephoria" itself might have been bought for the sum, and placed, to Mr. Holmant Hunt's gratification, in the galleries of Glasgow.

As a matter of fact, that distinguished picture, which was bought by Messrs. Tooth, is now hanging among the collection that forms that firm's summer exhibition. It has been freely said that Messrs. Tooth acquired the picture for an Australian purchaser; but this, it appears, lacks foundation. It is true that Mr. McCulloch, who is both an Australian and a purchaser, was much tempted to acquire the canvas, but he arrived at the conclusion that it was too large for his Melbourne Gallery.

The art of the bookbinder, though it has, perhaps, been interrupted in its legitimate development by machinery—just think of the guillotine and the wire-stitcher!—still lives, and many of us prefer a good binding, even amid its odour of camphor, to a tattered tome, foxed and flea'd through neglect. Some books almost demand a costly coat. Such a one is a thin quarto pamphlet of eight-and-twenty pages, entitled "A Most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedy of Sir John Falstaffe and the merry Wiues of Windsor, with the swaggering vaine of Ancient Pistoll and Corporal Nym. Written by W. Shakspeare. Printed for Arthur Johnson, 1619." This is the second edition, the first having appeared in 1602.

The volume was entrusted to the skilful hands of Messrs. Robert Rivière and Son, of Heddon Street, and they have turned it out bound in red Levant morocco, with *doublé* of grey-blue. The design, which is inlaid in various coloured leathers, is original, and was specially prepared for the book. The relationship which the design bears to the book is that the tulip is an emblem by which a lover makes a declaration of love. The large, bold, rollicking one used on the outside cover may be said typically to represent Falstaff. There is a vast amount of work in the very beautiful decoration, which is, of necessity, all done by hand.



A VOLUME OF SHAKSPEARE, BOUND BY MESSRS. RIVIÈRE.



LE JUGEMENT DE PARIS.—MDLLE. E. J. GARDNER.

EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.



OFFRANDE À L'AMOUR.—W. A. BOUGUEREAU.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

JULIAN'S STUDIOS.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THEIR CREATOR.

Probably few men have in any one generation so entirely altered the conditions under which an art is to be learnt and finally achieved as



M. JULIAN.

the man who was at one time styled "The Warwick of the Paris Juries," and to whose indirect influence the scission which took place some years ago among the leading exhibitors at the Old Salon was said to be due.

Till M. Julian started the first of his now famous series of studios, there were but two ways of studying art in Paris: you might either join some celebrated artist, and work under his paternal eye, or you might become a student at the Beaux Arts, in which case the Government provided free instruction. It struck Rodolph Julian, then himself an art student; that if a number of young men banded together and hired an atelier, they could, to a certain extent, combine the advantages of the two systems at very little cost. At the present moment there are in Paris seventeen studios directed and managed by M. Julian, and scarce one among the younger group of artists at home and abroad but has made his way through them, taking in the passage a longer or shorter time, as the case might be. Messrs. Renouf, Rochegrosse, Harrison, Tattgrain, Forain, Willette, and Mesdames Baury-Saurel, Belinska, Breslau, not to mention poor Marie Bashkirtseff, and many others who have since become famous, are not ashamed of saying all that they owe to the ateliers Julian.

But perhaps M. Julian's personality is best known to the great outside public as having been the first to make it possible, be the results

good or evil, for the ordinary woman student to study art in Paris. Till the last few weeks even French women were not admitted to the Beaux Arts, and the few artists who tolerated ladies in their studios charged in almost every case exorbitant fees. M. Julian had already made a success of his co-operative studios for men, when it suddenly occurred to him that an "Atelier pour Dames" would probably fill a long-felt want. He has now three large ladies' studios, all filled to overflowing, and officered by such men as Bouguereau, Robert-Fleury, Benjamin-Constant, and G. Lefebvre.

M. Julian's own room (writes a Paris representative) is eminently characteristic of the man. The walls are covered with clever studies signed by some of the greatest names in the French art world, among them portraits of his favourite pupils, done either by themselves or by one of their fellow-students, notably a quaint and remarkable little study in oil of Marie Bashkirtseff, which hangs on the left side of a huge writing table, on which stands a bowl of freshly cut flowers, and is encumbered with papers and envelopes that would be of interest to stamp collectors, for they come from every part of the known and unknown world. It is here, in the oldest of the ladies' studios, Passage des Panoramas, that M. Julian can generally be found in the morning, although he makes it his business to visit his many other studios very frequently, and is always present at the bi-weekly visit of the various professors. The "Warwick of the Paris Juries" is a strong, powerful-looking man, with herculean shoulders, and a strong, mobile face, full of French finesse and good-tempered shrewdness. Although he cannot speak a word of English, he understands something of our language, and keeps well *au courant* with all that is going on in the British art world.

"What do I think about the admission of women to the École des Beaux Arts?" he repeated thoughtfully, in answer to a question. "I am always pleased with anything that advances the position of women in art. I do not think that it will in the least injure my studios, or make any difference in the kind of lady student who works with me. It will, on the other hand, immensely benefit those girls who have artistic faculties, and who wish to learn one of the many trades in which some knowledge of drawing and colour have hitherto made all the difference between the skilled workman and his unskilled sister."

"I suppose, M. Julian, that, on the whole, you have found your lady students as much a credit to you as the men who have studied in the ateliers Julian?"

M. Julian beamed approvingly, "Certainly. In our monthly competitions—a great feature, by-the-way, of the ateliers—ladies very often carry off the prizes. When a woman makes up her mind to do good work she generally succeeds, and is, as a rule, more painstaking than the men. People often say that, with only one or two exceptions, no woman has made a great name in art; but they were given none of the opportunities which each male artist claimed as his right. Till my studios were started a woman could only study painting in Paris by attaching herself to some well-known artist's studio, and very few artists, let me tell you, cared to have the responsibility of taking young ladies into their ateliers, and if they did it, they, of course, expected to be paid accordingly. Most women who have become famous in French art belonged directly to an artistic family. Rosa Bonheur was the daughter of a painter, and I might quote to you, were it not invidious to



THE ANATOMICAL STUDIO.

Photo by G. Bouille, Paris.

make distinctions, many names and cases in which lady artists were able to benefit by being their father's pupils."

"Did you not begin by allowing both the men and girls to study together in the same studio, M. Julian?"

"Well, I did, it is true, admit a few ladies, foreigners, into the men's studios before I opened this establishment, but it was extremely awkward and disagreeable, and I soon saw that if I were to hope to get any of my own countrywomen to work with me I should have to make different arrangements. My ladies' studios are practically little convents," and my host laughed gaily. "No men, excepting the professors and myself, are allowed in under any pretence whatsoever. Neither brother nor husband, not even father, has ever been allowed to enter the studio during working hours. We have had rigidly to adhere to this rule; it is the custom of the country. In England and America it would not be necessary."

"But I suppose the work here is quite as serious as that in your other studios?"

"Certainly. Indeed, as I have before hinted, considerably more serious; for once a month all the students compete together, and the examining professors are not told either the name or the sex of the competitors till the results are declared. It is astonishing," he added thoughtfully, "how often women have the best of it in these trials. Especially is this true of portraiture, which is generally supposed to be

MR. R. L. STEVENSON AS CONSTITUTIONAL LAWYER.

By the failure of Mr. Lowe's candidature for the Greek chair at Glasgow during his successful and unique Oxford tutorship, Britain—Greater and Great—ultimately secured an illustrious orator and unconventional statesman. Other transformations of the kind—explicable, no doubt, in each case—might be cited from the careers of men of note. For, although the specialist on genius otherwise aver, potential greatness scorns narrow channels, be they smooth and easy even beyond wont and desire. Else, who would detect in the author of "Treasure Island" of 1883 the authority of 1881 on the intricacies of government? Yet so it is, without trace or suspicion of a Jekyll-Hyde tactician, and by proof of the distinguished novelist-constitutional-legist himself. On proof, too, of record.

In 1881 the chair of Constitutional Law and History in the University of Edinburgh fell vacant, and Mr. Stevenson was one of the ambitious. That, applying, he missed success is both fact and mystery: the fact admitting not of gainsay, the mystery better—and perforce—left inscrutable. Mr. Stevenson, it may not be generally known, qualified for the Scottish Bar, submitting to a process—be the truth uttered with

all reverence—at once harsher and more dignified in the northern kingdom (why "kingdom"?) than in the southern. But Mr. Stevenson's qualifications evidently stood in need of no personal advertisement. Being, in fact, on the Continent at the time, he could not "personally meet with the electors," and, accordingly, "considered it advisable to submit the accompanying testimonials for their perusal." Of autobiography—of University distinctions chronicled—there appeared no sign. Instead: "Sir,—Mr. Æneas J. G. Mackay having recently resigned the chair of History in the University of Edinburgh, I beg to offer myself as a candidate."

Supporters did not fail Mr. Stevenson. As sponsors stood forth—*primi inter pares*—Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. J. A. Symonds, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Edmund Gosse, and Professors T. S. Baynes and W. Y. Sellar. The testimonials reveal little of the candidate's knowledge of Constitutional Law: probably not all his advocates were learned in that lore. And one writes to that very effect: "Having little or rather no knowledge of law, I can say little or nothing of his knowledge of that branch of study." Another—the Very Reverend Dean of St. Giles's—very unequivocally thus: "Of his law I know nothing." Negative value and estimates not counting in these matters, we do

find, however, something positive and contributory: as Mr. Lang's testimony to "the most ingenious and refined writer of his generation"; or Mr. Leslie Stephen's, that he knows not of any writer of "Mr. Stevenson's standing of whose future career he entertains greater expectations." Special, however, and direct to the purpose comes this testimony from Professor Baynes: "Mr. Stevenson seems able not only to realise the very form and pressure of a great national crisis, but to detect the more obscure personal and social causes which, while helping to develop the national character, gradually change the direction of its activities, and give a new complexion to its polity and public life."

We need not wonder, therefore, at Mr. Stevenson's partial Samoan governorship, nor marvel overmuch if we receive, of his grace, other Foot-notes to History; nor must we forget to attribute them, with other of his bounties, to the donor's connection with *Alma Mater*. To whom, also, of her constancy, we must render thanks for preserving Mr. Barrie by a perilous *proxime accessit* from Scholar in English Literature, and from the likely fate (befallen his victor) of professor in an Indian College.

One of the last of the many concerts of the season is announced by Mrs. Charles Yates. It will take place at 1, Palace Gate, by kind permission of Mrs. Robert Harvey, on the afternoon of July 1, when Mrs. Yates will be assisted by, among others, Madame Valda, Miss Carlotta Elliot, Madame Clara Samuell, Miss Lucille Saunders, and Miss Agnes Janson; Mr. Eugene Oudin, Mr. Lawrence Kellie, Mr. Hirwen Jones, Mr. Herbert Thorndike, Mr. Norman Salmond, M. Tivadar Nachez, and Mr. Brandon Thomas. With such a crowd of celebrities to assist her, Mrs. Yates should be able to count on a good audience.



M. BOUGUEREAU'S STUDIO.

more or less a man's specialty. Of course, at first, many of the most earnest lady students were much disgusted at being shunted into what they considered an amateur studio, and one young lady, an American, implored me with tears to allow her to continue with her former comrades; indeed, she absolutely refused to associate in any way with or join my new atelier. Every month for two years she came and paid me a formal visit, even making the American Minister add his supplications to hers; but I had to be inexorable, for no favouritism should be shown, and she finally departed to the land of the Stars and Stripes, firmly convinced that I had barred her way to ultimate fame and glory."

"And are your rules very strict?"

"No. I give the students a good deal of liberty. It depends much on themselves whether they succeed or fail. They are not driven to work, though, of course, no lady is allowed to interfere with the business of those around her." And then M. Julian falls to talking of Marie Bashkirtseff, to the publication of whose now famous journal he owes so many of his English pupils and friends. "Had she lived," he says softly, "she might have gone far, very far. There was about her an influence that no one could resist; the studio seemed a very different place after she had left it, never to return. Life is a sad thing. There was Chapu, who died last year, the noblest and kindest of men, as well as a great sculptor. He delighted in his class at the Rue de Berri, and often picked out his young English lady pupils for special commendation, but that may be done of most girls belonging to your nation. They are very determined, and when one thinks that they often arrive unable to understand a word the master says to them the way in which they manage to surmount difficulties is simply astounding. To them art is the great object in life; to most of our charming Parisiennes it is but a pastime, for," concluded M. Julian, with a *fin sourire*, "they remember that art is long, while life is but brief."

THE LIGHTNING MENTAL CALCULATOR.

A TRIOLOGUE.

This is how I interviewed Monsieur Inaudi. We supped together, and Mr. A. Boss, the very courteous acting manager of the Palace Theatre, joined us, and kindly acted as interpreter. It was one evening after the nightly exhibitions of the extraordinary powers of the "lightning calculator." Inaudi does not pose as a general mnemonician. He deals only with figures, and has no special faculty for remembering words, forms, or musical airs. His great *forte*, on which he challenges any rival, is his power of instantaneous calculation, the result of his marvellous memory, naturally.

It would be tedious to describe minutely the tests set him at the Palace Theatre, which all in London may witness. It is sufficient to say that with his back to the blackboards on which the figures are written



Photo by L. Langlois, Paris.

JACQUES INAUDI.

and articulated by his manager as they are written, Inaudi adds up and subtracts rows of twenty-four figures, multiplies three figures into three figures, divides six figures by five figures, extracts the root of a figure to the fifth power, and is equally clever in dealing with decimals and with problems set him to solve.

"Please, Mr. Boss, ask Inaudi to tell me something of his early history," I said, as we lighted our cigarettes after supper, which had been a merry one, for Inaudi is fond of a joke. And when Inaudi had had the question put to him he replied substantially as follows—

"Perhaps I had better go to the time I don't remember, to shortly before I was born, when my father owned a nice little farm in Piedmont and the family lived very comfortably. Unfortunately, he had a foible: he was too fond of gambling, especially at 'Mora,' a favourite Italian game, which turns on numbers. Acre after acre of his land was squandered in play. My mother was simply distracted with this eternal 'Mora,' so it came about that when I was born I came into the world with my head full of figures—well, so it was said."

"And then?"

"Well, by-and-bye my father lost everything, and so my brothers and I tramped the country, dancing and playing our pipes and living on charity. After a time I cut this life, and got a berth as a shepherd-lad at Tarbes, but my brothers discovered me again one day at the sheep market at Béziers. I had just earned fifty centimes by settling a disputed reckoning between two peasants. This marvellous ability of mine when I was but six suggested a steady source of income to my brothers, who compelled me to frequent the cafés and exhibit my powers by rapidly calculating for the customers the number of minutes they had lived from their birth and so on, and in this way I made many a sou for my brothers."

"And how long did you continue that little game?"

"Till I was about nine, when a Mr. Dombey, a gentleman of English extraction, who was a tax-collector at Aix-les-Bains, took me in hand, and when I was twelve I was brought before the learned societies of Paris, who have from time to time directed commissions to examine me and my method of working calculations."

Then Mr. Boss told me that the doctors had reported that there was nothing abnormal in the little man's physique, except that the skull was unclosed between the parietal bones as in new-born infants, and that his facial angle was nearly 90 degrees.

Turning again to Inaudi, I asked him what his system was. Putting his hand confidentially on my arm, he bent towards me and replied, while I listened attentively: "Well, I'll tell you—only you must not breathe a word to anyone. My system seems intricate, but it's really quite simple. All you have to do—you're quite sure you'll keep it secret?—well, all it requires is having a good memory," and he roared with laughter, thoroughly enjoying his little joke at my expense.

"Now, having sold me, it's only fair, in revenge, to let me put some problems to you," I replied.

"Willingly," was his answer.

After a few moments' consideration, I asked him as I wrote down my question, reading it aloud as I did so—

"Supposing that I place in a straight line a row of apples a yard apart, extending them to the length of a mile, and then putting down a basket at the beginning, I consecutively pick up each apple separately, and drop it into the basket, how far shall I have walked?"

Before I had finished writing he gave me the answer correctly, as I found on working it out. Then I asked him another.

"Supposing a train, sixty yards long, takes one and a half seconds in passing a stationary train, how fast is it travelling?"

Again came the right answer before I had barely ceased speaking.

"Now, one more, please. How long would it take you to count two millions of sovereigns at the rate of £5 per second?" At once he gave me the days, hours, minutes, and stopping before stating the seconds, he remarked, "I'll take the odd seconds in pounds, please, at the rate quoted." As he put out his hand, while his eyes twinkled with fun, Inaudi told me that in remembering figures he does not care to see them written, as he does not depend on visual memory. He recollects them purely by recalling the sound of the articulation as performed by the questioner and repeated aloud to himself. Another peculiarity of his is that in subtraction and addition—say, a long row of figures—he commences from the left hand. I believe Hindoos follow the same plan. His other processes are equally marked by originality of treatment.

Inaudi is now twenty-five. For the last ten years he has been "on show," visiting the chief cities of France, Belgium, and Switzerland. Apparently, multiplication and addition are his favourite processes, seeing that the whilom Piedmontese shepherd has amassed sufficient to build himself a handsome villa in one of the suburbs of Paris.—T. H. L.



FRIEND: "You're in too much of a hurry to get on. You can't make a name all at once. You're in the grub stage just now, and—"

THE YOUTHFUL GENIUS: "Grub stage! Huh! Am I? I'm looking forward to the grub stage; it's the want-of-grub stage I'm in now, old man."



GENTLE HINTS.

DRAWN BY ROBERT SAUBER.



MADAME PATTI.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALERY, REGENT STREET, W.

TÊTE-À-TÊTE WITH GREAT SINGERS.

MADAME PATTI AND "HOME, SWEET HOME."

"This reminds me of America!" exclaimed Madame Patti, as she gaily saluted a score of ladies, assembled to congratulate her after her great concert in the Albert Hall—"where I have kissed thousands of ladies," continued the Diva between each greeting. "It is astonishing how fond the American ladies are of showing their appreciation in that charming way."

"And you did not find it disagreeable—just a little bit uncomfortable?" I ventured to inquire.

"I had no time to think about it," answered Madame Patti, with a laugh. "They simply besieged me after each concert, and, willing or not, I had to submit; but it was all very charming, and, being a novel experience, I quite enjoyed it."

"I trust you do not think us less enthusiastic here in London," I hastened to say, "since we do not impose the duty of a thousand kisses for the pleasure of hearing you sing?"

"No, no," said Madame quickly, with one of her earnest gestures; "there is no audience in the world which receives me with more sincere appreciation and deeper sympathy than my dear London public. They never forget me. Could I have a greater proof of this than the vast audience assembled to welcome me at my concert? I assure you I was touched to tears, and who could wonder at my emotion? I have been singing since '61, and after all these years I find the London public just the same, as eager to hear me now as when I was a girl of eighteen."

"But you will always be young to those who listen to your wonderful

singing" said I—though I did not add "as long as those lustrous eyes retain their fire," knowing that Madame Patti needed no compliment to assure her of that fact—"and never more so than when you sing for us 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

"Ah! I never weary of singing that simple old song!" exclaimed Madame Patti. "It comes right from my heart; perhaps that is the reason it goes straight to the hearts of my audience. It was at the request of the Duchess of Edinburgh I sang it yesterday. Her Royal Highness is passionately fond of it, and sent me a message from her box desiring me to sing it for her."

"You sang on the occasion of her marriage to the Duke of Edinburgh, did you not?"

"Yes, I was at St. Petersburg at the time, and sang the song then; consequently there are many tender memories associated with that touching melody for her Highness. I remember how it delighted the kind old Czar. He gave me the Russian Order more for singing 'Home, Sweet Home' than anything else, I am sure. Ah! we were great friends—how he used to laugh when I called him 'Papa'! Those were indeed happy days, perhaps the happiest of my career."

"It must seem to those who hear you that Howard Payne dreamed of your voice when he wrote 'Home, Sweet Home.' You have made his name immortal."

Madame Patti made no reply, but there was an eloquent answer in her beautiful eyes. After a little while she said—

"The highest tribute I ever had paid to my art was given me by the Princess of Wales; it was on one memorable occasion when I first sang the old song. These are her very words: 'Madame Patti, if you had never sung but that one song, 'Home, Sweet Home,' your fame as a great singer would have been made.'"

"And everyone will agree with her Royal Highness," I replied.

"A Patti concert without 'Home, Sweet Home' would be like a rose without perfume."

"Or a rose without a thorn," rejoined Madame Patti, laughing. "I remember a funny speech made by a big, rough Westerner when I was giving a concert in one of the far-away western towns of America. When I had finished singing he rose, and in a voice loud enough to be heard across the Mississippi cried, 'Tain't no use, Patti; we ain't goin' home after that pretty hint till you repeat it.' That was the most original encore I ever had," concluded Madame Patti.

"Are you ever affected by the emotion of your audience?"

"Very much indeed," answered Madame. "I sometimes dare not look at it, for the sight of a handkerchief going to someone's eyes would so touch me that I could not sing. Usually, I like to look at the people, but not when singing 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

"Are you returning to America soon?"

"Yes; I go in September, and shall appear there in opera. I quite look forward to bringing out a new one-act opera by Pezzi, a rising young composer, whom I commissioned, through my future manager, Mr. Marcus Mayer, to write it for me."

"Will it be something on the lines of the new school introduced so successfully by Mascagni and Leoncavallo?"

"Yes; but, if anything, more striking in its originality," said Madame Patti. "I have already received some advance sheets of the music, and have heard it played on the grand organ at Craig-y-Nos. It is really exquisite, and if the whole opera is written up to the same standard it will be a masterpiece."

"And the libretto?"

"Well," answered Madame Patti, with some hesitation, "that I do not think I may say anything about at present, save this, it is a strong plot with dramatic action of a very high order."

"Were you pleased with the success of the new 'Ave Maria' by Mascheroni?"

"Greatly; there are some fine effects in it for the voice and harp—which is my favourite instrument—and altogether it is a charming composition. Mascheroni is at his best in the religious or pathetic style. But, by-the-way, let me tell you of another coming composer, also young and clever, who has already produced a work of great promise, 'Gwendoline,' an opera brought out at Brussels with great success. It is to be produced at Covent Garden next season. This young composer is



Photo by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.

MADAME PATTI.

THE NEW LIGHTHOUSE ON DASSEN ISLAND.

Most people on reading this headline will ask themselves in some perplexity where on the earth's surface Dassen Island may be situate. Avoiding such technicalities as longitude and latitude, we may state that it lies about thirty-three nautical miles north of Cape Town and about five miles from the South African coast. Men familiar with the seas haunted by Vanderdecken know the place well—at least, the rumour and the fame of it. "Although," says a Cape journal, "this coast cannot, happily, produce so black a record of shipping disasters as some portions of the northern hemisphere, yet such a group of partly submerged reefs as form the adjuncts to Dassen Island is a standing menace to the mail steamers and other craft which are compelled to approach the south-western coast to or from Table Bay."

Now, at any rate, the mariner of the mail steamer may possess his soul more in peace than formerly when approaching Cape Town. Since April 15 last the Dassen Island Lighthouse has been irradiating a portion of the Southern Ocean with a half-minute, double-flashing white light. Under ordinary atmospheric conditions this light should be visible from the deck of a vessel at a distance of eighteen and a half nautical miles. It has been seen, we believe, at as great a distance as twenty-six miles.

The lighthouse, which is shown in our illustration, is erected upon the southern spur and highest point in Dassen Island, and the foundations of the structure are about 50 ft. above sea-level. An excavation was made in the hard granite rock, and on this was built a circular base of rubble masonry in cement. This base is of great strength and stability, and handsome in appearance. It is about 28 ft. in external diameter, with 3 ft. 6 in. thickness of walls, and, its height being 12 ft., the top is 63 ft. 3 in. above sea-level.

Upon this circular base are laid the base-plates of the cast-iron tower, and these are secured by thirty-two wrought-iron bolts, $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. in diameter, and projecting 6 ft. into the masonry. The diameter of the tower is 21 ft. 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. at the base, and 12 ft. 10 in. at the top—that is to say, at the lantern floor, the height here being exactly 80 ft. From this level to the focal plane is 11 ft. 9 in., which gives us a total height of 155 ft. above sea-level. To the extremity of the weathercock there is another 19 ft., so that the hunters for penguins' eggs and the collectors of guano have the vane some 170 odd feet above their heads as they bring their boats into that low and rocky shore.

This cast-iron tower is the work of the well-known firm, Messrs. Chance, of Birmingham, and was sent out from England ready in all its parts for erection. It is constructed of thirteen tiers of plates, each tier containing sixteen, with the flanges turned inside. The thickness of metal varies from 1 1-8 in. at the bottom to about 7-8 in. at the top. Including the gallery plates and others, 280 plates have been used in the construction. The plates in each tier break joint with those of the next, and so we have a homogeneous mass of metal capable of resisting the impact of the most furious storm. The total expenditure in connection with the lighthouse is over £14,000. The supervision of the work in this country has been in the hands of Mr. W. Tregarthen Douglass, M.Inst.C.E., of 17, Victoria Street, Westminster, Consulting Engineer to Trinity House.



Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.

MADAME PATTI.

one of the family," said Madame Patti, impressively. "His name is Charbrier, and we hope great things of him."

I learned that after Madame Patti's concert next Saturday we shall not have the opportunity of hearing our most popular songstress any more this season. During her brief visit to London she has sung at one or two private houses, and that is all. Her admirers will doubtless take advantage of their last chance for a while by thronging the "British Colosseum"—as the Americans always like to call the Albert Hall—to its utmost capacity on the afternoon of July 1. Thereafter we must be content to wait until the *prima donna* reappears in the Metropolis next season.

Here there was no further chance on Madame Patti's part of continuing our chat, for the bevy of ladies rebelled at my absorbing the Diva's time, if for only a few moments; so they carried her off to gossip of the merry doings at Craig-y-Nos, and of other interesting domestic matters, all of which seemed to give the great singer a vast amount of pleasure; and my *adieux* were spoken as a charming young matron came in to present Madame Patti with pictures of her two lovely little ones. As I took my departure, with the merry laugh of Madame ringing in my ears, I thought this Patti has two souls—one dwells in her eyes, and the other in her voice.—A. C. DE B.



DASSEN LIGHTHOUSE.

A BEAUTY SHOW AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Photographs by Robinson and Roe, Clark Street, Chicago.

"Ugh! horrid!"

So a pretty brunette expressed herself to me. Visitors are not supposed to talk to the beauties, but, of course, that is quite an impracticable rule.

I was asking the pretty brunette how she liked to pose in a handsome dress and be stared at all day long. She did not, her feelings compelled her to say, like it at all.

"You see yourself how the people stare at one. I mean they stare as if one were a mere freak of nature, not an intelligent woman, as I hope



DORA JACOBSON (RUSSIA).

I am. And if this stony stare were not enough, just think of the questions they put to you! All sorts of absurd questions; fairly impertinent, some of them."

I suggested that she might tell me some of the questions which came to her from the continually moving crowd at her feet. She puckered up her brows for a minute, calling memory to her aid.

"I don't really know how often I have been asked whether I'm married, and if not, why not? Dozens of times I have been asked how old I am, and whether I really belong to the country I represent. I speak English enough to get along; but they might see by my face that I was not born in that tongue. Then, I have been asked whether I have ever actually been in love. Finally, one of the most ordinary questions is, What do I think of Chicago, and shall I settle here?"

"Do you answer," I inquired, "all the questions put to you?"

Well, she generally said something. On the whole, my brunette thought it a trifle wearisome to be a beauty. Still, one must earn a living.

On the other hand, another girl—tall, fair, buxom, a dashing type of womanhood—declared herself quite in love with being a beauty. She wore a particularly beautiful costume, I noticed, and she had a bigger crowd of admirers outside the brass railing than some of her companions.

Perhaps that meant all the difference between contentment in the rôle of professional beauty and dissatisfaction—sarcastic dissatisfaction rather than anything else. These were the only two interviews I had with the ladies of the Beauty Show. For the rest, I stared, with just as strong a stare as other people, but not, I hope, in a manner to make the blushes of any individual beauty mantle to the cheek.

Some critical things have been said about the Beauty Show—International Dress and Costume Exhibition is the scheduled name. I put to the management a main charge which I had noticed somewhere. It was the allegation that most of the beauties, although they represented thirty or forty different countries, had come from Paris and London. To this the management answered me that, with three or four exceptions, every beauty in the show belongs to the country she represents. Moreover, in each case great care had been taken to secure that the costumes should be perfectly accurate. I put the two points down in my note-book and strolled round.

The building where people go to see the international dress and costume exhibit is just outside Jackson Park, and quite close to the Countess of Aberdeen's Irish village. Some Bedouin Arabs and the Scotch piper playing at the entrance add a touch of the picturesque to the appearance of the structure. Inside, a raised dais goes round the building, being divided from the floor by a brass rail. The dais, carpeted and daintily furnished, is laid out in open sections, each of which is furnished for the representative beauty of some country. "Cuba," "Hungary," "Germany," "The Orient"—each little drawing-room is marked in this fashion.

How do the girls occupy themselves? I noticed that the Cuban beauty, the Welsh girl, an English girl in a demi-toilet Worth dress, and the brightly complexioned representative of Bavaria were all reading. Others were having their time fully monopolised by visitors—oftener than not women—some were sewing and knitting, and one or two were posing pure and simple. Among all the many-tongued spectators there seemed to be no one with a word for the Chinese lady in her own language.

I wondered as I left what she thought about the Beauty Show business, and some day—when I have mastered Chinese—I may go back to discover.

J. M.



CARRIE A. MARSH (WALES).



GRACE MORELLA (CUBA).



MARIE KUHNSCHERF (HUNGARY).



GRISELA GROSSMAN (TYROL).



BELLE ROSE, IN A WORTH RECEPTION GOWN.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE ART OF BLACK AND WHITE.





FISHING FOR JACK.



LEGAL EXPRESSIONS.—No. III.

“Roasting” a shady witness.



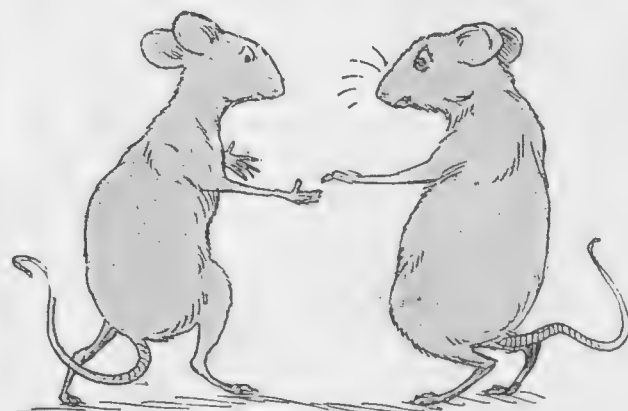
1. "I know where there is a lovely basinful of food."



2. "I heard Frog tell another of a fine feed. Let's follow."



3. Anticipation has all the charm of novelty.



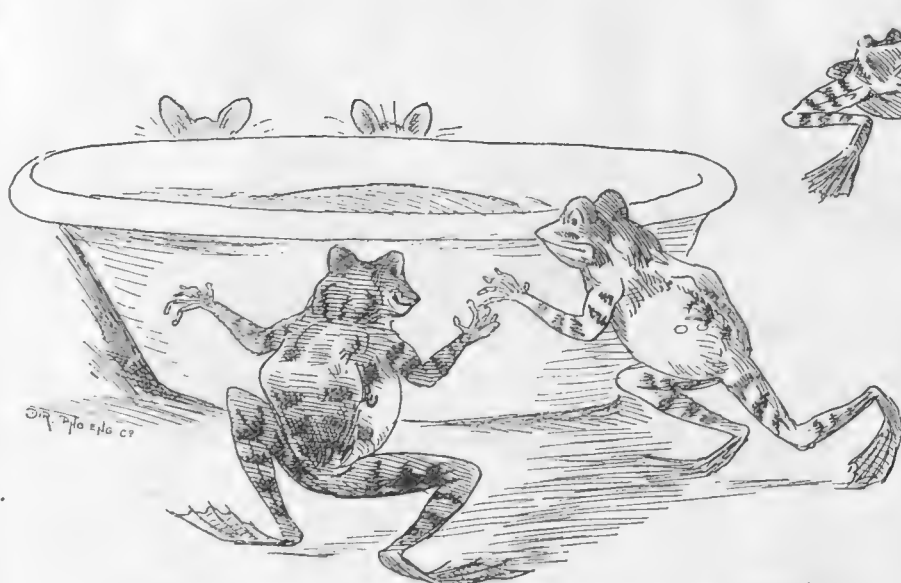
4. "If their smiles are any criterion we are in for a good thing."



5. "Why, it's simply a mine of wealth!"



6. "Why, it's food for the million!"



7. "Now, be moderate. Don't let that appetite run off with your discretion."



Louis Wain.

8. "Do I smell mice?"

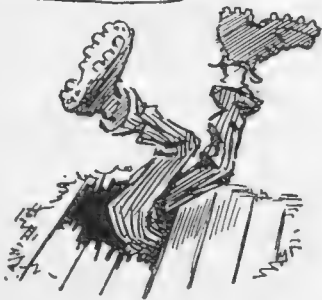
A STORY OF A NARROW ESCAPE.



1. It was our house had the narrow escape—of gas to begin with; and then of being razed to the ground in the search for the leak. "Leak somewhere?" said the plumber. "Ar, we'll soon find were it is."



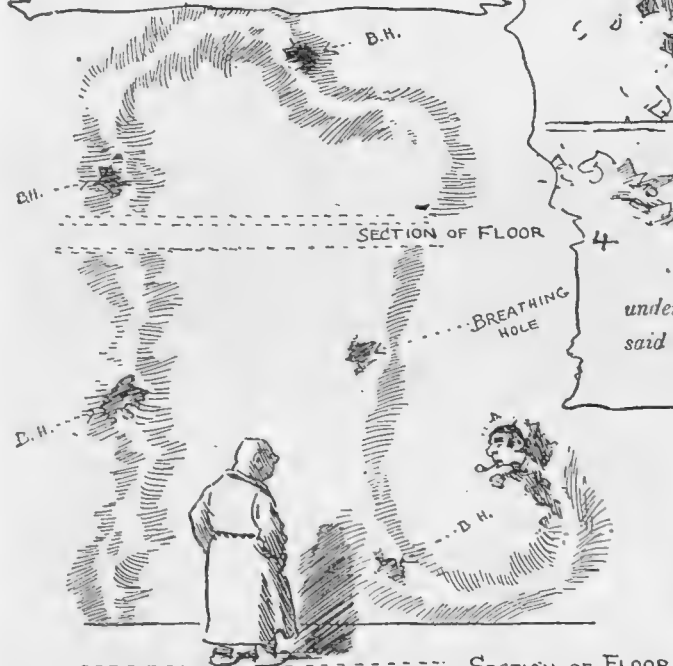
2. "We must 'ave up this 'ere carpit and floorin'," said he.



3. "Nothink under 'ere," said he.



4. "Shell 'ave to look under this 'ere plarster," said he.



5. Sectional elevation, showing course taken by plumber in his journey under the plaster. "Nothink hunder 'ere," said he.



6. "Wy, 'ere it is!" said he, when he had all but rendered the house unfit for further use. "It's this 'ere tap hain't bin turned horf. I told yer we'd soon find were it was," said he.



7. Perspective elevation, showing disruptive displacement of bricks and slates consequent on plumber's journey beneath them. "Nothink ennywere 'ere," said he.

J. F. O'LEARY

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Ecce iterum Crispinus! Again I wish to comment on the amiable ways of the dramatic critic; not that I have any accusation to bring against him as an individual, but, as a class, I am inclined to believe he puts on rather too much side. A somewhat flagrant example of this I noticed in a journal a week or two ago. A critic had been to see a piece at a theatre, and in the place where he might have been expected to give his readers the results of his observation he loftily stated at the outset that he had no intention of wasting his own or anybody's time by saying anything about the plot or details of an entirely worthless production. In other words, he had no intention of doing that for which he was employed and (presumably) paid, or of giving the readers of the paper the information to gain which they read his contribution.

It is quite possible that the piece in question may have been all that the critic assumed it to be in the way of worthlessness; but that is not the point. I should submit that a person employed to observe and judge ought to record his observations and support his judgments. He is not empowered to put on the black cap without summing up the evidence. He is a servant of the paper he represents and of the public that buys—or is supposed to buy—that paper; and the lofty arrogance that declines to inform a reader concerning a play on account of its worthlessness is about as edifying as the somewhat similar display of dignity on the part of “the martyr in the suit of brimstone” at the famous “swarry” in “Pickwick.”

The dramatic critic of a journal is, to my mind, most like an analyst. He should examine the different samples of dramatic work placed before him with proper scientific care, and report on their general character, their merits or defects, with as near an approach to scientific accuracy as can be attained in matters of taste and feeling. He should note the amount of “foreign fat” introduced into a comic opera from the French by the low comedians, as if he were examining an adulterated sample of Normandy butter; and while he may register his personal impressions of the piece in so far as they conduce to an explanation and justification of his views, anything personal to himself that is not thus helpful to his readers in forming a judgment for themselves should be rigorously excluded.

When the critic goes beyond this limit, he will either give us a series of studies of himself under the action of dramatic works, or he will condescend to inform us concerning those works alone that interest himself, dismissing the rest as unworthy of his lofty attention. The former method is the more interesting at first; for at least, if we do not learn much concerning the plays, we can feel that after reading a criticism and a quarter, say, we know all about the critic. After this limit has been reached, the “personal” method is apt to pall on us; for there are comparatively few persons whose character is fuller of interest than the whole range of dramatic literature—to say nothing of pieces which are dramatic but not literary, or literary and not dramatic, or neither.

But the lofty and “high-sniffing” style, as Carlyle would have called it, is yet worse. For the critic who declines to give any account of the piece he is supposed to criticise is practically assuming the function of a parent or schoolmaster. He not only will spare the public the labour of forming its judgment, but will not even allow that public to know on what grounds its judgment is to be based. He, the lofty one, has spoken, and all must submit.

Whereat the public, if it feel no desire to know anything concerning the piece referred to, goes on its way with a certain vague sense of injury; and if it has any wish to learn what manner of play this is, it purchases for that day, and it may be for many other days—or nights—some journal whose critic is not “above his work.”

But of late months it has been superfluous for a critic to damn the very worst of plays or pieces, whether with or without faint praise. The temperature has been enough to secure an unfavourable verdict at the box-offices for almost every species of dramatic effort. Hot air within, out-of-door amusements without, have been too much for the most hardened theatre-goers. Upon the frivolous hardly less heavily than upon the serious has the ban of the weather fallen, and though our lofty critics have been arguing in favour of an improvement in public taste, yet such of them as are Ibsenites have no reason to pride themselves on the public favour extended to their idol; and such of them as are serious

and high-toned without being Ibsenite can but fall back on the one or two successful pieces by popular authors, rendered by popular actors at popular theatres.

I have a theory as to what makes a piece a success—and not that it is my own theory in origin. One wants two or three situations of which people will talk afterwards—some novel and “thrilling” or funny situation, whereof men will ask, “Have you seen Beerving in that grand scene of the duel with diamond breastpins?” or (as the case may be), “Have you seen Tooley twirl himself up to the ceiling on the music-stool?” This will induce B to go and see what A, his friend, has seen; and C and D, again, will follow B, and so on till the house is full and all the boards are out, as the “consecrated phrase” has it.

The trouble is, however, to get A to go at all, more especially in weather like the present. As a wit of the old school would have put it, you can't make A come while the sun shines.

It is strange how the weathercock of public taste swings round from one fashion to another. To a bygone generation, ingenious and exuberant puns were the most exhilarating form of wit; nowadays, two or three, barely, are you permitted in your burlesque, and even at these the applause is a groan of pleasurable pain, unlike the rapturous roar that hails the “chucking” of the comedian from some place of public entertainment on the stage. How did our fathers contrive to sit patiently watching for those terrible twistings of words, one to every line or couplet, led up to by the most painfully artificial processes? And how did they contrive to be so deeply imbued with the love of those verbal antics as to transmit to our own generation and some of its elder critics a practice of referring to the age of punning as a golden time of English stage wit?

I assert without fear of disproof that the old rhyming and punning extravaganzas, though possibly better than their modern representatives (and it would be sad if they were not), are not, as a rule, of any permanent degree of literary merit. Their rhymes are generally forced, their lyric measures slipshod. If produced at the present time they would make the critic who accords them traditional praise ask, with a gasp, “Are these the productions I extolled as models? Is this skeleton-dance of clattering puns the wit that was a standard for all time? Are these limping stanzas an example for the comic lyrics of our age? How have we deceived ourselves and others!”

And as to the truth of this statement of mine there need be no doubt. The disuse of rhymed verse in dramatic dialogue of a burlesque character is due to a better taste in the technique of verse. The rhymed epigrammatic couplet is well-nigh a lost art now; it was then, though the writers did not realise the fact. Poor prose is far less offensive than poor verse, because it is less pretentious; also, it is easier to alter. And, unless the technical perfection of verse is such as to make up for the loss of dramatic force due to its use, the prose is better.

Are there any permanent laws of beauty and worth for artistic work? One answers in the affirmative without thinking, and then, after thought, one doubts. Is beauty an absolute or merely a relative quality? And if our notion of beauty differs from those of other ages and countries, can we determine which is nearest the truth, and whether there is any truth for any notion to be near? Of course, the theory that connects beauty with the moral law sounds eminently proper, and is eminently fitted to gratify the British public; but, unfortunately, it is directly contradicted by obvious facts. And if we have no permanent standard by which to judge art of any kind, what becomes of our criticisms? And what becomes of our critics? And what—oh, what does it all matter?

And yet there must be some permanent element in artistic beauty. Greek sculptures retain in our day the charm they had so long ago; Shakspeare has overcome not only time but difference of race and language. Why is this? Obviously because the statues and plays satisfy some permanent need in human nature.

But even then it is only civilised human nature. The savage prefers his rudimentary doll and his monotonous war-chant and dramatic dance to all the beauties of the Acropolis or the Elizabethan drama. And the question remains, How are we to prove that the savage is wrong?

MARITON.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"TWO MEN AND A MAID," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

"Phyllis, what does this dress mean?" cried Dick, looking at the frightened girl in wedding array. "Are you married, and to Gilbert? This is your way of keeping your promise to wed no one in my lifetime save me!"

"Indeed, we thought you were dead—dead more than a year ago," replied poor Phyllis.

"I don't believe it," answered Dick, roughly. "If you did not get my letters, Fletcher is in London, and must have told you I was alive. Did you not know? You, Gilbert, answer me."

The unhappy husband of scarce an hour's standing bowed his head in shameful reply. Then Phyllis shrank from the man whom a few minutes before she had promised to love, honour, and obey. How

in its place had come love for Gilbert. Indeed, it was with a kind of joy—of guilty joy—that she heard the rumour of Dick's death and her fancied freedom from the promise made to him.

Everything had seemed to go well between Gilbert and Phyllis, and it was not till the very wedding morn that Fletcher, a man who had been with Dick in South Africa, sought Gilbert, and told him that the rumour of the death of Phyllis's old sweetheart was false. It is not easy to blame nor yet to excuse Gilbert if he did not then, even at the last moment, tell his sweetheart the truth, and it is only fair to say that he would have told her if she had not professed such an absolute love for him that to tell her seemed to him needless and cruel.

After the terrible shock of Dick's sudden appearance, both Phyllis and Gilbert were very miserable: she, for her love was not dead, though she was not generous enough to pardon; and he, since he suffered the tortures of Tantalus. In this state of affairs Dick fancied he had a chance of being revenged on Gilbert, and so he made love to Phyllis, who at first did not understand his conduct. Not content with courting her,



"POOR JONATHAN," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

could she honour one guilty of such dishonourable silence? So this man and woman, though for the world's sake they lived under the same roof, were really thrust leagues asunder.

Yet Gilbert was rather foolish than dishonourable in his silence. Two years before, when Dick had proposed to Phyllis and she had come to Gilbert, her guardian, for his consent to an engagement, he had committed a sin of silence far grosser than the second. For Gilbert knew that Dick was no fit man to be a pure girl's husband. He had committed what I deem the foulest crime in man's power: under promise of marriage he had ruined a young girl of humble station, then abandoned her—abandoned her so utterly that he did not even know that by her he had become a father. The very day of his proposal to Phyllis this unhappy victim—Annie Marshall was her name—had come to see Dick and implore him, for their child's sake, to "make her an honest woman," and he had driven her out with contumely.

Had Gilbert, who knew this horrible story, told it to Phyllis there can be little doubt she would have fled away from Dick as if he had been a murderer. Why did Gilbert hold his peace? Because he loved Phyllis, and because Dick told him that his first intention of telling Phyllis was due to his love for her and hope of getting Dick out of the way. A miserable reason, certainly; but it happens very often that we fail to do the right for fear of being supposed to have wrong motives. Moral cowardice has wrought more harm in the world than the want of physical courage.

During the two years' absence of Dick the feelings of Phyllis towards him had changed. Her girlish fancy had flown away, and

he tried the dirty-trick of blackening Gilbert's character. It happened that in the goodness of his heart Gilbert had taken care of Annie Marshall, and found her means of earning a living. His visits to her had not escaped notice, but he had said nothing of them to Phyllis, being anxious to keep Dick's shameful secret.

Dick's device worked out well for all parties but himself, though at first it threatened ruin. He succeeded in stirring up a belief in Gilbert's infidelity and a fierce jealousy for a while in the heart of Phyllis. Still, when presuming on this and on his courtship of her he made a declaration of love, and proposed an elopement, he met with scorn and an indignant refusal. Then her eyes were opened, and she knew the baseness of the man, and therefore saw her husband in a more kindly light. It seems needless here to show in detail how in the end the truth about Annie Marshall came out, and husband and wife were reunited: such a *denouement* was inevitable, though one may doubt whether Gilbert and Phyllis ever found full happiness in their marriage.

The play was the *pièce de résistance* in the first performance of the Society of British Dramatic Art, and its authors, Messrs. F. H. Purchase and James Webster, may be said to have written an unambitious work, which, with some cutting and a stronger company, would probably prove successful in the provinces; it has too little "style" for London. The other play produced was "The Ordeal," by Mr. Tom S. Wotton, a rather powerful one-act drama, with a very striking theme, somewhat timidly handled. There is certainly more promise in "The Ordeal" than in "Two Men and a Maid." Of the unknown members of the company, the cleverest seem Miss Mary Stuart and Miss Phyllis Phrayne.—E. F. S.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Lord Calthorpe is, I am glad to learn, very much better than he has been for some months. He has had little or no luck with his racehorses of late, but rumour has it that some of the two-year-olds in Jewitt's stable owned by his Lordship will be seen to advantage either at Goodwood or at Doncaster. Lord Calthorpe can well afford to keep up a big stud, as he is immensely rich, one of the biggest ground landlords



Photo by Sherborn, Neumarket.

LORD CALTHORPE.

in the world, I should say. He owns the Kensington of Birmingham, and it is estimated that the rental from his Edgbaston estate alone exceeds £100,000 per annum, while in the course of a few years it will top the quarter million. The Turf owes a lot to magnates like Lord Calthorpe, the Duke of Westminster, and the Duke of Portland, who derive the greatest enjoyment in owning good horses and winning big races, but not big bets.

Tom Cannon will be "at home" to his friends for the Stockbridge Meeting next week. The fixture is a popular one with the upper classes, who believe it the right thing to belong to the Bibury Club, but I feel sure the sport would not be anything like so good as it is at Stockbridge if anybody but the Master of Danebury were appointed Clerk of the Course. I think, however, the many Biennials and Triennials, "not understood of the people," that are decided at this meeting might well give way to a couple or three good handicaps. However, the large majority of the visitors go for the outing, while others put in an appearance to partake of Master Tom's liberal hospitality, and also to enjoy the fine music of the Cannon family orchestra. Again, others like the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Alington, and Sir Frederick Johnstone, methinks, follow this meeting for the sake of keeping up an old custom. Anyway, Stockbridge flourishes fairly well, despite the absence of gate money.

The Sussex fortnight this year will be a big affair. I believe a very large number of houses in the neighbourhood of Goodwood have been taken already by the nobility and gentry who intend to entertain during the southern event. Goodwood is a godsend to the hotel-keepers at Bognor, Littlehampton, Worthing, and even Brighton, and many of the most desirable suites have been bespoken for the coming meeting. Sir Blundell Maple, who, I regret to learn, has been very unwell, generally takes the best part of the Beach Hotel at Littlehampton for the Goodwood Meeting, driving to the course each day on his four-in-hand. Sir Blundell, besides being a good judge of a horse, is a capital whip, and is, too, very handy in the saddle, as he is a light-weight. Sir Blundell Maple is, I am glad to hear, recovering his usual health.

Selling races are ticklish things for the uninitiated to deal with. I say this after having run horses in no end of races containing selling conditions, but then I never bet, so that my losses have always been limited in the case of failure to the entrance and jockey fees. However, there are very few owners who do bet that can make money out of selling races. I fancy Lord Rosslyn, although his horses have won often, has not found the game pay, or he would not have sold his selling-platers.

ALL ABROAD.

The Frenchman is always funny when he ventures on animadversions on England. Here, M. Millevoye has been telling the editor of the Orleanist *Soleil* that "England is working the Panama scandals to the detriment of France. She weighs by means of the Herz papers on our Government. She seeks by throwing odium on our Government to break up the Franco-Russian alliance. This must cease. Cornelius Herz in England and Clémenceau in the Chamber are now able to control our policy."

Then the *Cocarde* came out with a *canard* that its editor, M. Ducret, had stolen, "or caused to be stolen," from a strong box at the British Embassy at Paris, documents of "enormous importance." Of course, the story is denied at the Embassy.

The scene that ensued in the Chamber on Thursday between MM. Clémenceau and Millevoye over these wonderful documents was too grotesque for words. M. Millevoye brandished the documents, which "chance" or the vengeance of a Mauritian had delivered into his hands, and read a few childish sentences, but the Chamber laughed him down and then passed to the order of the day by 389 votes to 4. The whole scene was a sort of centenary celebration of the Convention of 1793, when Barère announced the discovery at Lille of the notebook of an English spy recording payments to French traitors. But the anniversary was a pure fiasco.

The Panama scandals, die hard. The most recent ebullition arising out of them is a duel between M. Floquet and Count d'Haussonville. The Count accused the ex-President of the Chamber of having improperly diverted the Panama funds to the benefit of certain newspapers. But the duel ended in smoke—literally and metaphorically.

If Zola may not be one of the Forty Immortals, he is not without admirers in his own country. His publisher has been giving him a luncheon on the island in the Bois de Boulogne. The occasion was to celebrate "Docteur Pascal," which completes Zola's series of the Rougon-Macquart family, whose fortunes he has so minutely worked out. About two hundred guests were invited to meet the great novelist.

It is difficult to say what exactly will be the final composition of the new Reichstag. Perhaps the most curious feature of the elections has been the use that Conservatives have made of Socialist candidatures simply to scourge the Radicals.

The town of Schneidemühl, in Posen, is in danger of collapse from the overflow of a subterranean spring. The water began to flow while an artesian well was being dug. All attempts to stop the stream have been in vain. Twenty-three houses have sunk, and eighty families have been forced to quit their dwellings.

The Austrian Socialists have begun to propagate their doctrines among the rural population. Meanwhile, the coal-miners at Dux and Bilin, in Bohemia, are on strike.

Madrid had two sensations last week. An attempt was made to blow up a private house, but one of the supposed perpetrators, and not the house, was wrecked. On the same night a panic occurred in a circus by-part of the roof falling in. A young nobleman was killed, and many people were injured.

The Greek Government is not to convoke the Chamber for two months to come, if not longer. Meanwhile, they are trying to devise such financial measures as will render the fulfilment of all the obligations of the Government possible. The Premier thinks he can save about five million drachmæ in the various governmental departments.

Thebes has suffered severely from recent earthquake, which was announced by a deep subterranean roaring. The excitement in the city when the buildings fell was intense. A new Thebes of tents and sheds is being quickly built in the streets and open places, for it is said that in almost every house the four walls have broken away, and threaten to fall outwards. The damage is estimated at two million drachmæ.

If the strength has not gone out of the modern Viking, he is not permitted to use it as of yore. Captain Andersen and some of the crew of the *Viking*, which reached New York last week, were attacked by roughs while returning from a reception at Brooklyn one night, and promptly retaliated, whereupon some enterprising policemen set on the Norwegians and locked them up. It was a strange way of welcoming those sturdy guests, who were, of course, discharged, and then fêted by the municipality.

The Emperor of China is spending the hot season at the Summer Palace, outside Peking. The palace was dismantled by the Anglo-French troops in 1861, and has been uninhabited since then up to the present year, though for some time past it has been undergoing restoration.

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PROFESSOR ANNIE OPPENHEIM, B.P.A., the eminent phonologist, writes: "Having had a severe attack of indigestion, brought on by excess of brain work, I tried your Marza wine, and found it most efficacious, it giving immediate relief."

HENRY IRVING, Esq., writes: "The Marza is excellent."

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Large Bottles, 3/6 or 42/- per dozen, everywhere; or, if any difficulty, Carriage Paid of

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If you feel below par

If you feel unstrung

If you feel fagged

If you feel run down

If you feel languid

If you feel depressed



MISS ADRIENNE DAIROLLES the well-known actress, writes: "I have been feeling below par, and for the last few days very strung up with the anxiety one always feels at the approach of a first night; a sister artist advised me to try Marza Wine. It is a very good tonic, and I have derived great benefit from taking it."

M.D. writes: "I shall have no hesitation in recommending Marza Wine to anemic women and growing children."

A SPECIALIST writes: "Marza Wine will be very valuable in cases of nervous debility and general want of tone."

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M.D. writes: "I shall prescribe Marza Wine in all suitable cases."



A SISTER writes: "Many thanks for your welcome gift of Marza Wine; it has been of wonderful use to us."



BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

Steel Traps.

From time to time letters appear in the papers on the cruelty of steel traps. It is pointed out that this trap is itself a cruel invention, and that the fact of a creature taken by the leg and lingering often for hours in pain and torture is a horrible and barbarous one. This is bad enough, but half the evil here is in the slovenliness and carelessness of that keeper who allows his traps to go unvisited so long. The week before last I was walking through a wood belonging to a nobleman, now advanced in life, but one who has fairly earned in his time the reputation of being one of our very best all-round sportsmen; and I am quite certain of this, that no one would have been more disgusted than himself had he been with me, for I came upon two steel traps: in one a hare had been caught by the leg, and, though it had evidently been dead for at least a week, there it still was lying. In another a rook had been taken, and was still there, but dead. So both these creatures had died in pain. The keeper, no doubt, had forgotten them, or, busied in pheasant-rearing, had deliberately put the matter on one side. Now, a keeper like that is only fit for one thing—namely, a sacking. I don't care how well he brings up his birds, he is a *bad* keeper because a bad character. Slovenliness is the thin end of the beershop.

Other Catchers.

But when all is said and done, the steel-spring trap is a cruel thing. You can't get over that. Why, then, do we go on using it? For no reason in the world but the familiar one—it *saves trouble*. That is all; just simply that. You can set three steel traps in a given time for one of almost any other pattern. But once set and cleverly set, there are at least two forms of traps which do their work quickly and well. The first is the "dead-fall trap," by which is meant, in principle, a heavy weight desired to drop upon and crush the creature underneath it. It is used in many counties, and the weight is usually supported and set free by some such device as that which we know as the "figure of four." Then there is the wire spring, that spring which "caught woodcocks," as Polonius saith, excepting that that was made with horsehair and this of wire—not the ordinary "snare" of the rabbit-taker, but a wire noose so attached to a good, strong "bender" that it shall fly up and strangle the victim, and leave it swinging in the air. Our mole-catchers still use the wire and bender, and with these they take their moles. The leading objections to both these forms are, first, the time they take in setting; and, secondly, the fact that they cannot be set everywhere, because of the space they require. What is wanted is a neat, handy, and "instant death" trap. Now, who will provide us with it?

Ducks up Trees.

This is the time of year when people up and down the country discover ducks' nests in trees, and write to the papers about it. They always write and want to know if it is not "very interesting, and very unusual," and then they insinuate, just at the end of the letter, that "perhaps some reader will kindly tell them how the young ones are to get down." Well, the answer to this last part is simply, "Tumble." An answer obvious and true. For that is actually how the trick is done. I do not say that an old duck will never carry her young ones down in her bill, I only say that I have not seen it. But this a friend and I did see on one occasion: An old wild duck, having hatched a brood of young ones, had brought them down to a small pond near the house. The day following a second duck appeared, also with her brood. The duck already in possession was furious at the intrusion. She rushed at the young intruders, she picked up one of them in her bill, she got up off the water with it, and flew round and round above our heads. Presently her flight grew lower and lower, till at last she neared the water, and, when some few feet above it, she opened her bill and let the youngster fall. It lay on the water for a space, close to us, to all appearance dead. But presently it opened one eye, then the other, lifted its head, shook itself, and swam cheeping off to join the others, absolutely unhurt.

Trout Rods and Snake Rings.

I wish I could induce someone who has had experience of them to give me his opinion upon blue-mahoe rods. I bought the other day a 9 ft. trout rod of blue mahoe, built by Ogden, of Cheltenham. I had meant to get a split cane to try against my old "Farlow" greenheart, but they told me that nothing could beat these blue mahoes, and as it seemed to spring all right when I tried it in the shop (not Ogden's, but another's), I bought it. Well, I have fished with it for three days. It is by far the lightest rod I have ever had in my hand, and throws a very pretty fly. But it does not throw so long a fly, and, of course, it does not kill a fish so quickly as the old one used to. This latter you can't expect. But about the throwing power: the fact is, I suppose, that the two go together, and that you must, as you get lightness, sacrifice power of spring, and, therefore, power to throw. You do not feel the rod spring right from the hand as one likes to feel it. Anyway, what I want to get at is this—is the fault in the rod or is it in myself? In myself, I hope, but don't feel certain.—One word as to snake rings, as I see there is a discussion going on about them. I think it is quite true that when the line is used on the back of the rod, as in Ireland, some fraying may ensue. But this is easily put right. And for easy-running and freedom from hitches, there can, I think, be no room for doubt that the snake ring is far ahead of anything else. Only the wire must be round, not square, as I have seen it.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, June 24, 1893.

The millions which of late have weekly poured into the Bank seem for the moment to be exhausted; but the return, showing a proportion of reserve to liabilities of over 50 per cent., is quite unusual. Discounts, however, have hardened somewhat since we last wrote to you, and the fear of gold shipments to America will probably strengthen this tendency.

In finance it is always the unexpected which happens, so we have been treated to the spectacle of Greek repudiation improving the price of the national stocks; while, now that the Argentine arrangement is an accomplished fact, considerable weakness has been manifested in the various issues quoted on this side. As we anticipated last week, the after effects of the Australian crisis are only beginning to make themselves felt in a crop of rumours as to the stability and soundness of some of the large mercantile houses; while the public, now completely distrustful of all Stock Exchange transactions, are conspicuous by the almost entire absence of buying orders.

Day after day has brought monotonous notices in the daily papers that a meeting of the depositors and shareholders of such and such a bank have agreed to the scheme of reconstruction, which is but a new way of saying that so many more millions of English and Scotch capital are locked up for many years to come, until the objections which prevented the immediate sanction of the Royal Bank of Queensland scheme came like a refreshing shower after the long drought. The path of reconstruction and arrangement has hitherto been strewn with roses, and for everyone's sake it would be far better that the defaulters should be made to understand even at this late moment that insolvency courts were never meant to make things pleasant for everybody except the wretched creditors.

Home Rails have not been over gay during the week, but we think our contemporary *Truth* did not over-state the position of Brighton "A" stock last week, when it boldly predicted an 8 per cent. dividend for the year, and pointed out that at present prices the investor could look forward to a return of 5 per cent. on his purchase. The heavy lines have suffered severely in their goods traffic, and we hardly expect as satisfactory a return for the current half-year as the optimists predict. The North-Eastern, comparing with the strike period of last year, shows a large increase, and holders can, we think, look forward to some benefits.

The Yankee position is, in our opinion, improving, and we should be buyers rather than sellers all along the line. Illinois Central will benefit from the Chicago traffic during the late summer and autumn, while Louisville shares might be bought in the confident anticipation of a two-dollar dividend for the current half-year.

Among Internationals the chief feature has been the meeting of the Argentine bondholders and the speech of Lord Rothschild. The proposals of the committee were carried without any difficulty, despite the carping of our old friends Proctor and Wilson, who managed to fling some mud at the Baring guarantors and to air their grievances over the inclusion of the Buenos Ayres Waterworks shares in the agreement. We have little doubt that the plan will be carried out, and although, in all probability, the Argentine Republic is getting off far too cheaply, it is far better to take half a loaf than no bread, because you cannot get a whole one. If the guaranteed railways can now be arranged, the whole South American position would be cleared up, and one might with some confidence look forward to a general revival. Among the non-guaranteed lines, traffics seem to increase at an enormous rate, and, from private information, we are led to expect that this state of things will continue, in which case you will never regret your purchase of Cordoba and Rosario Five per Cent. Debenture stock, which was then, and is now, the cheapest thing in the whole of this market.

Allsopp's shares have fluctuated a good bit, and all the gambling elements of the brewery market seem to be concentrated round this concern. The trade position has, no doubt, improved, but, while the preference stock is probably by no means dear, we cannot help thinking that there is no justification for the present quotation of the ordinaries.

In the financial corner of the House, the position of the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation is causing considerable anxiety, both because of its connection with the Mexican and South American Company, which is engaged in heavy litigation with the Bank of England, and on account of the unfortunate issue of Murrieta debentures. The holders of this security are naturally irate at the uncertainty of what will eventually be distributed, and one well-known bank has started an action to make the corporation liable for the amount invested. The matter is *sub judice*, and therefore we cannot say anything about it; but you may, we think, rest assured that if the Mexican and South American Company's position could be settled the other matter would cause very little anxiety. The Bank of England's action will probably be tried next week, and we have little doubt the result will considerably affect the quotation of the Trustees Corporation shares.

As to the Mining market, we find the information we have from time to time given you about Charters Towers Mines was confirmed by Mr. A. H. Pritchard at his interview with the financial editor of *Truth*, published this week, so that we may congratulate ourselves on furnishing you with the most reliable information, only to find it amply corroborated within a few days by one of the most reliable and responsible residents upon the goldfield.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, and CO.

PADEREWSKI, THE PIANIST.

A few words with M. Paderewski have, on the occasion of this, his latest visit to London, all the flavour of forbidden fruit, so surrounded has he been by the friends who flocked to make the most of his brief days among them, and so protected from all outsiders has he been by the kindly vigilance of his manager.



When in London the great artiste abjures the semi-publicity of hotel life, and invariably makes his home in the charmingly appointed rooms of the Erard building at 18, Great Marlborough Street. There he was visible for a moment the other day, but, being already late for a rehearsal, if one wished for a word or a look one must hasten in the direction of St. James's Hall, keeping as near his side as might be.

"Do you know why Paderewski is late this morning?" inquired a friend of his, laughing. "He jumped out of bed, and went for a moment to the piano before waiting to dress. And when he goes to the piano for a moment it always becomes a question of an hour, at the very least."

En route to St. James's Hall, every flower-girl, every match-seller, and every crossing-sweeper received from the hand of the musician such largesse of silver as her or his eye had probably never feasted upon at one and the same time.

"It is always so with him," whispered the friend once more. "He can never pass these people without giving them something, and always leaves the house with his pockets full of small silver for this special purpose. However, that is a very insignificant item among his charities, which are large and numerous, though he would be extremely annoyed if he heard me speaking on the subject. It is rather a sensitive theme with him, as he hates the thought of parading the good he does. He is the kindest-hearted man in the world, and is positively unhappy if he finds himself unable to relieve distress of any kind which comes to his ears. That must, in any event, have been ingrained in his nature, but the tendency to feel for the troubles of others no doubt was accentuated by his own early necessities. He was poor in his Polish days, you know, and there is much romance woven in with the history of his short life, which hasn't yet reached thirty-two years."

"He married very early, did he not?" I asked, employing the subdued tone of my informant.

"Yes, at twenty, and his wife, a lovely Polish girl, died a year later, leaving a son, who is now about eleven, and to whom Paderewski is passionately attached."

"Where did M. Paderewski study?" I inquired, my eyes fixed upon the subject of our conversation, walking a few paces in advance, and gesticulating slightly as he earnestly delivered his views upon a certain composer to a friend.

"He was a pupil of Leschitzky, the husband of Madame Essipoff, in Vienna, going to Strasburg while still very young, and becoming a professor of music. Five years ago he made up his mind to try his fortune in Paris, where he was quite unknown to the public. Parisians, quick to appreciate new talent, became enthusiastic over him when he had played but a few times. He created a sensation, and was lauded to the skies. London, however, as a rule, refuses to take geniuses for granted because they are the fashion in another country, you know, and when Paderewski first appeared here he opened to a ten-pound house. To-day he can draw a thousand pounds to one performance. Rather a jump, is it not, in little more than three years? He has returned from America with over thirty thousand pounds; and, by-the-way, the audacious newspaper lies in regard to his private history in that country were something appalling. I wonder he bore it as good-naturedly as he did."

"I heard that he was much annoyed over there by the fulsome admiration of society women," I returned.

"That annoyance was somewhat exaggerated," replied M. Paderewski's friend. "A number of women did make themselves ridiculous, it is true, but it was a mistake to graft their foolishness on the honest admiration of sensible and artistic women. Speaking of all that, I once heard Paderewski quote Wagner's words: 'With women's hearts it has always gone well with my art, and probably because amid prevailing vulgarity it is always most difficult for women to let their souls become roughly hardened.' But we were speaking of Paderewski's son a moment ago. Perhaps you can get him to tell you something about the wonderful cure by a Parisian doctor of the little fellow, who has been an invalid since earliest infancy."

M. Paderewski, on whose white, artistic face and ruddy locks (cut comparatively short in these days) the morning sun was shining with a certain unearthly and radiant effect, was not averse to talking on the subject of his little son. The child had never been able to walk, it seemed, his legs being weak and bent outward, and though the best authorities in several countries had been applied to, no benefit had resulted from their remedies.

Two years or more ago, M. Paderewski himself began to be troubled with severe and almost disabling pain in his right arm, which doctors told him was caused by rheumatism. It became absolutely alarming at length, refusing to yield to any treatment until, during a visit in Paris a year ago, a friend induced him to see a certain Doctor Pommerol, who had performed some extraordinary cures, notwithstanding the reputation he bore of being a "quack."

"You have dislocated your arm, possibly, while playing. This is no rheumatism," pronounced Doctor Pommerol, and promptly he began the process of rendering his distinguished patient as well as ever he had been. This success gave M. Paderewski renewed hope for his son, and he described the baffling case to the so-called "quack."

"I believe I can cure the child," said Dr. Pommerol, "but I will not undertake to do so, nor examine the boy, without an advance payment of ten thousand francs."

This seemed an arrangement extraordinary, indeed, but so great was M. Paderewski's faith that he did not hesitate in agreeing to the terms proposed. The child was placed under Doctor Pommerol's care, and at the expiration of several months was able to take a few steps, for the first time in his life. He can now walk, and, though he cannot even yet accomplish many steps at a time, the progress being made is wonderfully encouraging.

"A fortnight ago," said M. Paderewski, "when getting out of my victoria, one afternoon in Paris, I slipped and fell, the carriage wheels instantly running over my right hand, between the fingers and wrist. I was alarmed lest I should not be able to keep my London engagement, and went at once to Dr. Pommerol, who had done me such good service before. He helped me immediately, and already my hand is practically well, though I feel it a little still in playing."

On Tuesday, June 20, the sole recital by M. Paderewski this season was given at St. James's Hall, and fully a week before Mr. Daniel Meyer had found himself obliged to return cheques to many unfortunate ones, who were already too late to obtain seats. A day later and the great artiste was *en route* for Paris and Vienna, where (in the latter place) he promises himself to spend much time during the next two or three years in composition, giving concerts only when his brain needs time for the maturing of new ideas.

By the time all this information had been received and absorbed St. James's Hall was attained.

As M. Paderewski entered the vestibule, he was timidly approached by two ladies, evidently from the country. They were strangers to him, and to his party, but he, as a matter of course, was well known to them.

"Oh, M. Paderewski!" the elder exclaimed. "We have been waiting to see you, hoping so much we might speak to you for one moment. We came into town to try and obtain seats for your concert on Tuesday, but we find that impossible, and we are almost broken-hearted, as my sister's delicate head won't permit her to go into the hot gallery. We were told you had a rehearsal to-day, and, oh, would you let us hear it?" All this was spoken in a breath.

M. Paderewski's manager answered for him. "I am extremely sorry, ladies," he courteously said, "but it is necessary to adhere to our stringent rules against admitting strangers to rehearsals. We have had many such requests, and I have even felt obliged to refuse personal friends."

The two ladies were about to go meekly away with pathetically disappointed faces, when M. Paderewski took compassion on them.

"It is too bad that you should have come to town for nothing," he said in his pleasant voice, with its delightful foreign accent, and then, with an apologetic little glance and shrug directed towards his manager, "But come, ladies, you shall go in with me."

I feel sure that when the delighted pair have grown old they will still delight in repeating this incident to another generation. A. L.

A DOG AS A POLICEMAN.

Among its many other marvels, New York is the happy possessor of a dog-policeman, yept Shingles. Nature never intended Shingles for a pet, and he is a rare combination of breeds. He has the thin legs of a greyhound, the shaggy coat of a Scotch terrier, the head and jaw of a bulldog, and he can run, sleep, and fight as well as any of them. He is about as big as the ordinary brindle bull terrier, but in his own estimation is the size of a horse. The many scars upon his pugnacious face indicate that his lines have not always been cast in the most pleasant places, and the only marks of the civilised dog about him are his clipped ears and the stub of a tail about the length of a finger. He joined the force on account of a constable having once rescued him from a crowd of boy tormentors. He settled down to the routine of police night duty in company with his rescuer, and on several occasions has done excellent detective service. The delight of his life is to chase a thief or mischievous boy, and no one can escape him. He knows every hiding-place in his district, and has been a valuable aid to the police in finding wrongdoers after dark, though his name never appears in the returns as the captor. He has only one bad habit: Shingles is fond of tobacco. He has tried several times to chew the weed, but always with disastrous results. But he will jump into a cloud of smoke and snuff it with delight. His liking for tobacco smoke is a source of amusement in bar-rooms, and when his day's labours are over Shingles repairs to his humble home, where the constable who rescued him gives him a corncob pipe filled with choice tobacco. Shingles blows through the stem, and sends out a cloud of smoke like a miniature chimney. Sometimes the policemen stuff the pipe with paper, and Shingles then gets angry.

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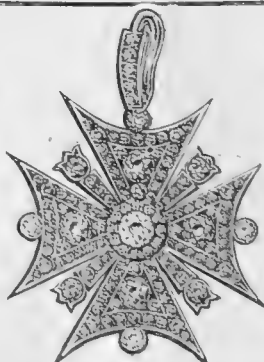
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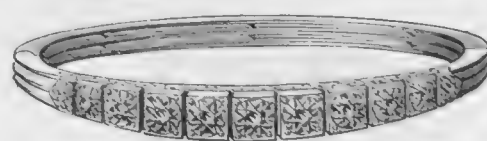


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OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The loss of H.M.S. *Victoria*, referred to at length elsewhere, is the topic of the hour. On Sunday references innumerable were made to the disaster from pulpits throughout the length and breadth of the land. As was but natural, the affair cast an intense gloom over the anniversary banquet of the Trinity House on Saturday.

Lord Salisbury spoke of it as the most tremendous catastrophe with which for very many years the Navy and the nation has been visited. The Prince of Wales went further when he said the feelings of every civilised nation must go out to us in sympathy at the terrible misfortune that has befallen us. "No words of mine," said the Master, the Duke of Edinburgh, "could adequately express the feelings I experience on this occasion," and he recalled the fact that last year the Brethren could not assemble for their annual gathering, owing to another "most painful incident."

But it was left to Lord Rosebery to strike the most telling note of grief. The catastrophe, he said, might well quell the heart of the country. "I have read every name on the list of those that went down," he said. But the occasion was one not merely for mourning, but for taking stock to see whether the submerging in one year of two vessels costing a million sterling each and of a great crew of gallant men is a loss so irreparable that under it the Empire will reel.

The civilised world, to judge from numerous telegrams, has been stunned by the calamity. "Words cannot express my grief at the loss of so noble a man and so noble a vessel," says the Kaiser, as Admiral of the Fleet. The Spanish Senate has passed a resolution to express sympathy with England, and one admiral had tears in his eyes as he spoke of the disaster. King Humbert telegraphed his grief at the death of the "illustrious Tryon and so many brave sailors."

It now appears that the disaster occurred five miles from Tripoli, while the sea was quite calm, and the vessel sank eleven minutes after she was struck. At the time of our going to press only the vaguest theories had been mooted as to the exact cause of the disaster. Every-body concerned seems too utterly stunned to give definite information.

Maud Alexandra Victoria Georgia Bertha is the name that has been given to the second daughter of the House of Fife. It is a long name, and we are told the young lady cried lustily, though she was sprinkled with Jordan water, and that, too, in the German Chapel Royal, St. James's.

Clerkenwell was visited by royalties on Saturday, when the Prince of Wales opened the restored gateway of St. John's, on the south side of which a memorial has been erected to the Duke of Clarence. The Prince also presented medals for bravery to a number of men, including a boy of nine, who had rescued a little girl as she fell from a window.

This afternoon the Queen unveils the statue of herself executed by the Marchioness of Lorne to the order of the people of Kensington.

A statue of Mr. Gladstone has been unveiled at Mrs. Hart's Irish village at the Chicago Exhibition.

The House of Guelph may look for a respite in the split that has occurred in the camp of their opponents, the Legitimist Jacobite League. The *Jacobite*, the organ of the League, cannot be issued at present because the proprietors, the Marquis de Ruigny and the effervescent Mr. Herbert Vivian have come to loggerheads. It appears that there was a rather wild meeting in the classic Cheshire Cheese, at which the chairman was evicted. The Marquis has now issued a rival organ, disgusted as he is at "such unworthy personal attacks on the occupant of the throne as disfigured No. 3 of the *Jacobite*."

The Dowager Duchess of Sutherland has lost her case against the Duke in the Chancery Court, where she wished to get a declaration of the validity of her title to Tittensor Chase and some other ground under leases granted to her by her husband. It was held that the late Duke, in granting the leases, did not regard the interests of all parties entitled to be considered, and acted in breach of the obligations cast upon him by the Settled Estates Land Act of 1882, inasmuch as he granted them in order to confer a benefit upon his wife at the expense of those to come after him in the enjoyment of the estate.

Caius College, Cambridge, has had few alumni so distinguished as Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. It was in 1593 that Harvey entered Caius, and on Wednesday a dinner was given in the college to celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary. Sir James Paget, who was present, described Harvey's discovery as the greatest in biological science ever made by one man.

Balliol men in Parliament were entertained at the annual "gaudy" by the Master and Fellows of the college on Saturday. No fewer than forty-one members of the House of Commons belong to the Balliol, and it was little wonder that the Master, Professor Jowett, should have piped a panegyric on his college.

Signor Mascagni was the hero of a reception given on Sunday night by Sir Augustus Harris at his house in St. John's Wood, when nearly a thousand persons were invited to meet the lucky Italian. His career nowadays is one long triumphal progress.

The members of the Comédie Française were the guests of the Lord Mayor at luncheon on Friday, when a distinguished company was invited to meet them, including, of course, our own theatrical celebrities.

The Northumberland miners have at last agreed to throw in their lot with the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, which now includes all the miners in England, a third of those in Wales, and a majority of those in Scotland.

York has conferred the honorary freedom of the city on Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., its member since 1885. Besides his Parliamentary efforts for the city, Mr. Lockwood has rendered signal professional service to the freemen of York.

London is poorer by £2,176,000 owing to it by Messrs. Goldsborough, Mort, and Co., the Australian bankers and merchants, who have just suspended payment.

Every now and then people who are not financiers are reminded of the Baring business by curious side issues. The whole story has been recalled by the sale of Mr. Bingham May's valuable collection of Dutch, French, Italian, and English pictures. The proceeds on Saturday were as high as £44,000.

There is much in the Liberator business and its officials that reminds one of the smile of Ah Sing, which was childish and bland. Mr. George Dibley was once a managing director of the society. The audience in the Bankruptcy Court on Wednesday shrieked with laughter when Mr. Dibley informed it that the mother of Jabez Balfour, whom he had known from boyhood, was a most delightful woman. The Registrar actually rebuked Mr. Dibley when he went on to say that he believed this delightful woman's son was filled with honesty instead of cunning mendacity.

Dr. Parker was autobiographic on Sunday morning. He noted the growth of the City Temple, which had taken the place of Poultry Chapel, sold for over £50,000. The ground on which the Temple stands cost £28,000, Dr. Parker remarking amid laughter—for laughter is not excluded from the Temple on Sunday—that the Corporation had the conscience enough to take the money. Four thousand people, he said, passed weekly through the church.

The centenary of the death of Gilbert White, the author of the charming "Natural History of Selborne," was commemorated on Saturday by an excursion of the Selborne Society to the village of Selborne, Hants. The Earl of Selborne, who presided at a luncheon in the village, favoured the idea of commemorating the occasion by giving something useful to the people of the village. That would be in harmony with White's own ideas.

"THE GOLDEN LEGEND," AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The nation's great conservatory never looks so grand as when thousands crowd before the Handel Orchestra, and sit in serried rows listening to some mighty masterpiece of music. Last Saturday afternoon the sight of the audience was in itself worth a journey to the Crystal Palace. In front of the organ and up to the heights was the choir in their hundreds—a garden of colour. Lower down was the fine orchestra, with a few ladies taking their part; and two minutes before three the familiar figure of Mr. August Manns stepped into the conductor's stand. The wind of sound which tuning up produces—how the Shah of Persia enjoyed this portion of the programme!—ceased, and the proceedings commenced with a good rendering of Sir Arthur Sullivan's new "Imperial March." This is effective, but not remarkable.

Then Madame Albani, charmingly costumed, made her appearance, and was followed by Miss Marian McKenzie, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Henschel. The air was chill, and Madame Albani wisely sent for her cloak. It is useless to discuss the well-known merits of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "The Golden Legend." Enough to say that once more Madame Albani gave "The night is calm and cloudless" with thrilling effect. Miss McKenzie sang most excellently. Mr. Ben Davies made a great effect with the tenor music, and Mr. Henschel again proved how well fitted he is for his part in this work. Mr. R. Grice took the Forester's brief share in careful manner. The choir deserved much praise for their splendid rendering of "O gladsome Light," and to Mr. Manns the usual compliments are due. But when I have said all this, it is only right to add that that "The Golden Legend" is utterly unsuitable for performance on Handel Festival scale. It is not so massive as it is melodious. The great choral effects of the "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt" are entirely lacking in Sir A. Sullivan's work, and soloists have a particularly thankless task in singing it in such a vast area as the Crystal Palace. There is no reason to doubt that if a festival is arranged to take place annually at the Crystal Palace it will be wiser policy to adhere to old favourites rather than to introduce works which are less imposing because more delicate in structure.

LUTE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.



FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Roses are at the zenith of their popularity just now—they nod their pretty heads at us from nearly every hat, and nestle in nine out of ten of the bonnets. They are very beautiful, but one can have a surfeit even of good things, so it was a change—and variety is always charming—to come across two bonnets which did not make it the end and aim of their existence to display some member of the family of the queen of flowers. Peter Robinson, of Regent Street, is responsible for their production, and I may just give you a hint to the effect that his millinery department, which has been greatly enlarged, is full of the prettiest novelties in the way of hats and bonnets, so next time you are passing that way I should advise you to look in and see them. In the meantime, however, let me describe to you those which have been sketched. One is a dainty little Puritan bonnet, in the new sunburnt rustic straw; it fits the head quite closely, and is trimmed round the front with a pleated frill of black lace, put on cap fashion, and surmounted with a bandeau of jet, while at the back a high osprey and black strings complete the charming and quaintly pretty effect.

The other bonnet is of loop straw and cream guipure, a combination, by-the-way, which is greatly in vogue in Paris at present. The front has for trimming a large bow of the lace, fastened most artistically in the centre with serpent heads in the new sequin jet, and a black osprey. The whole thing is exceedingly smart and becoming.

In the large picture hat, which is delightfully artistic and beautiful, the roses make



THE "LOUIS" TEA GOWN.

their appearance again. It is of cream Leghorn, faced underneath the brim with black satin, the edging of the straw being softened with black lace, and is caught up at the left side (with the apparent carelessness which is the truest art) with a full-blown tea-rose. The crown of black lace is trimmed at one side with a trail of exquisite roses in deepening shades of yellow, fastened in front with a large bow of black satin ribbon. Roses suited this hat to perfection, and in this case were so beautiful and marvellously natural that it was difficult to believe that they were the production of art. I shall just leave these pretty things to whet your appetite, and send you to Regent Street to see more for yourself. Mr. Peter Robinson has provided something to suit everybody, so you are sure to fare well.

I love velvet, and I have a weakness for velvet tea gowns, which is, I know, shared by a good many people. The graceful lines of these fascinating and becoming garments never show to better advantage than when velvet is the chosen material, and for anyone who likes a handsome, almost regal, effect there is certainly nothing better. When I say velvet I really mean velveteen, for nowadays this latter material has been brought to such perfection that it is the universally accepted substitute for the more costly fabric, which is beyond the means

[Continued on page 501.]

By Special Appointment.

Redfern

Messrs. REDFERN beg to announce that they are now exhibiting at their Salons, 27, NEW BOND STREET, a number of exceedingly pretty designs especially suitable for wear at Henley Regatta, to which an inspection is invited.

Also some RECHERCHE MILLINERY for the above occasion.

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Bottles, 2/3 and 4/6.

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An antiseptic, preservative, and aromatic dentifrice, which whitens the Teeth, prevents and arrests decay, and sweetens the Breath. It contains no mineral acids, no gritty matter or injurious astringents, keeps the Mouth, Gums, and Teeth free from the unhealthy action of germs in organic matter between the Teeth, and is the most wholesome Tooth Powder for Smokers.

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"G. MELLIN, Esq.
"Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in sending you the photo of my little son, who I believe would have died but for your Food, which was the only thing he could keep down for a long time, and now he is very strong and hearty. He lives upon it yet; he is two years old now. We tried him without it a short time back, but it would not do; he had to have it again, and still lives on it.
"Yours truly,
"J. T. MORRIS."

MELLIN'S FOOD BISCUITS

Manufactured by
CARR and CO., Carlisle,
specially for G. Mellin.

**DIGESTIVE, NOURISHING,
SUSTAINING.**

For Children after Weaning, the Aged, Dyspeptic, and for all who require a simple, nutritious, and sustaining food.

Price 2s. and 3s. 6d.
per Tin.

MELLIN'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES.

The Finest Nutritive and Tonic Food for Delicate Children and Weakly Adults.

Very Palatable, Easily Digested, Perfectly Safe. Price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per Bottle.

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CAMBRIC**

Children's Bordered, 1/3 per doz.
Ladies' " 2/3 "
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Hemstitched:
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Embroidered Handkerchiefs, in all the latest styles, from 1/- to 20/- each.

IRISH LINEN

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.
COLLARS: Ladies' and Children's 3-fold, 3/6 per doz. Gents' 4-fold, 4/11 per doz.
CUFFS for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, from 5/11 per doz.

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**IRISH DAMASK
TABLE LINEN.**

Best quality long-cloth Shirts, 4-fold Linen Fronts, 35/6 half-dozen. (To measure 2/- extra.)

Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz. Dinner Napkins, 5/6 per doz. Table Cloths, 2 yds. square, 2/11; 2½ yds. by 3 yds., 5/11 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases, from 1/2½.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

VELUTINA.

WEAR GUARANTEED.

VELUTINA.

What is it? The Best VELVET for all Dress purposes. Made in 32 inches for Capes, Mantles, &c., as well as the ordinary widths.

BIAS VELUTINA.

Is same VELVET cut on the cross for DRESS TRIMMINGS, SKIRT BINDINGS, &c., 1½, 1½, 2, 2½, and 3 inches wide.

Who Sell it? The principal wholesale houses and the BEST Drapers everywhere.

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AN ENTRANCING PERFUME, FLORAL, DISTINCTIVE AND HIGH CLASS.

THE
Royal Wedding Perfume.
ATKINSON'S
"WHITE ROSE."

"Then will I raise aloft the Milk-white Rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed."
DUKE OF YORK—Henry VI.
Shakspeare.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers and of the Manufacturers,

24, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON.

The Luxury of
Iced Drinks

IN THE HOTTEST CLIMATES,
CAN BE OBTAINED BY

THE USE OF
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ICE
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With
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can

BY
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IN A
FEW
MINUTES

as required,
and without the aid
of Freezing Powders.

Prices: No. 1, £8 8s.
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THEY WILL ALSO
ICE WINES, WATER,
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Write for List F 28 from the
PULSOMETER ENG. CO., LD.,
Nine Elms Iron Works, London, S.W.,
or call at 63, Queen Victoria Street,
and see a machine in operation.



TORPID LIVER.

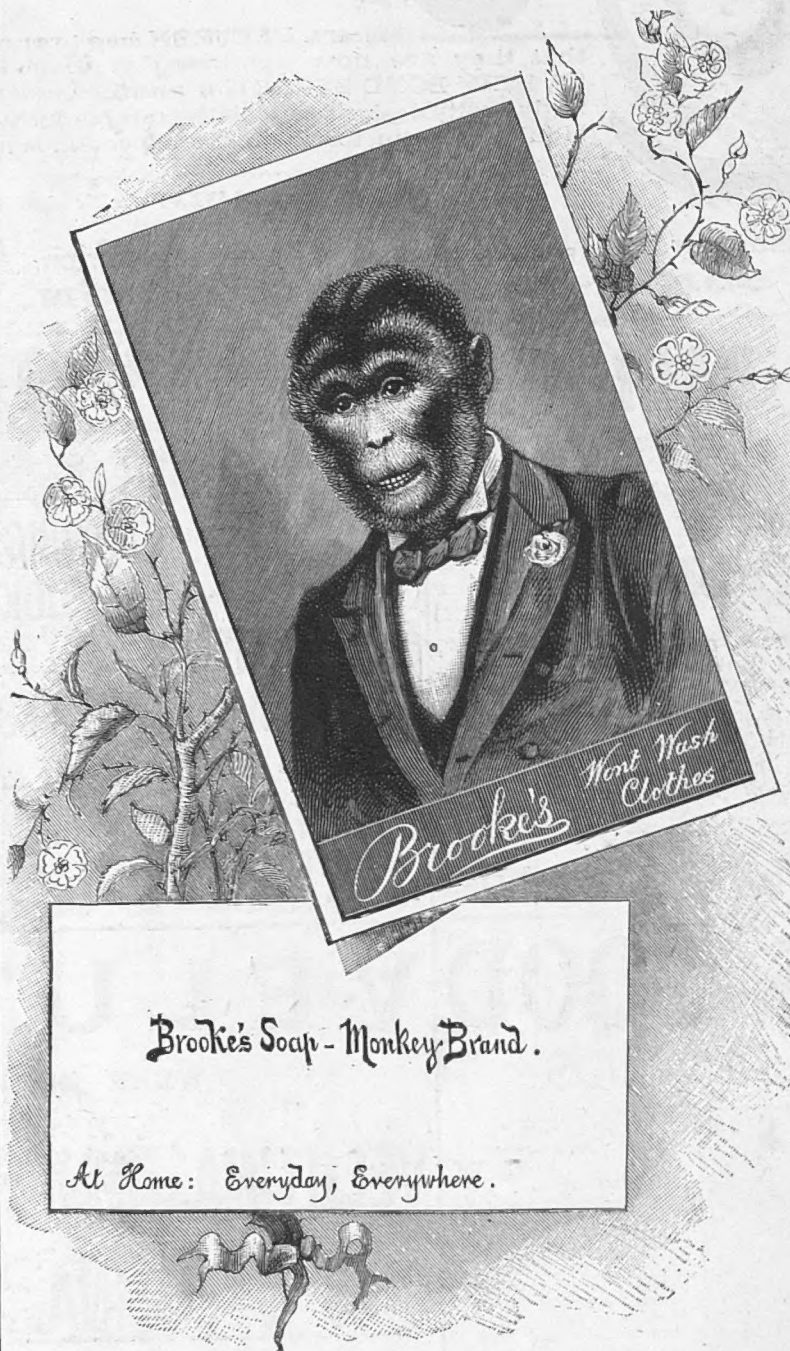


SICK HEADACHE.

Small Pill.
Small Dose.
Small Price.
Forty in a Vial.
Sugar Coated.
Purely Vegetable.
Cure Torpid Liver
Without fail.
Of all Chemists.

1s. 1½d.

CARTER'S LITTLE
LIVER PILLS.



Brooke's Soap - Monkey Brand.

At Home: Everyday, Everywhere.

Testimonial from ALL POTS, Esq.,

The Kitchen, Cleanhouse.

Though years in use, I'm bright
as ever thanks to Brooke's Soap.

ALL METALS KEPT NEW BY ITS USE.
NO HOME IS BRIGHT WITHOUT IT.

MONDAY, July 3, and following days.

ANNUAL SUMMER SALE.

SPIERS AND POND'S STORES,
QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

5 per cent. to 75 per cent. Reduction in all
Departments.

A FEW SPECIMEN QUOTATIONS:

GROCERY DEPARTMENT.

Special 1/10 Blend Teas, Sale Price 17½.
Ceylon Tea, 1/3 per lb., unexcelled.

BOOT DEPARTMENT.

"The Queen," all sizes and shapes, 21/- Boot
selling at 17/9. Ditto, 17/6 Shoes selling at
14/6. "The City Boot," 14/6 selling at 10/9

TAILORING DEPARTMENT.

180 pairs of best Fancy Cashmere Trousers
selling at 15/-. 230 remnants of Fancy
Trousers, original price 13/- to 16/-,
during sale 10/6 to order. Boys' Blue Serge
Sailor Suits, reduced to 4/11. Blue Serge
Knickerbockers, 2/6, worth 5/-

STATIONERY AND FANCY GOODS.

An exceptional bargain in Engravings.
1000 Guinea Prints, reduced to 3/11.
500 Japanese Fire Screens, reduced to 1/3½
from 1/8.
Address Dies and Heading Plates Engraved
free of charge. See sale circular, sent free
on application.

DRUG DEPARTMENT.

Salts of Health, store price 1/3, 1/10, Sale
Price 1/- and 1/6. Spieron perfumes, store
price 1/-, 2/-, 4/-, Sale Price -3, 1/8, 3/6.
Lavender Water, S. & P.'s, store price -8,
1/2, 2/9, and 4/-, Sale Price -6, -11, 2/3,
3/3. Glycerine, Honey, and Rose Cream,
store price -8, 1/2, and 2/-, Sale Price -6,
-11, 1/8.

IRONMONGERY DEPARTMENT.

"The Enterprise" Mincer will chop 2 lb.
per minute, selling at 6/11.

LAMP DEPARTMENT.

Decorated China Table Lamp, duplex
burner, reduced to 9/11.

GAS-FITTING DEPARTMENT.

A large assortment of Chandeliers, 3-light,
copper and bronze, selling at 27/6. See
Sale Circular.

EARTHENWARE DEPARTMENT.

54-piece Dinner Service, exceptionally
cheap, 13/9.

CHINA DEPARTMENT.

40-piece Tea Services, pretty designs, only
7/11. See Sale Circular.

JEWELLERY DEPARTMENT.

Five Guinea English Lever Watches
reduced to 70/-. Ten Guinea Diamond
Rings reduced to £5 5s. Spoons and Forks,
of guaranteed quality, all sizes, at whole-
sale prices. Guinea Opera Glasses for 10/6.
Best Sheffield Cutlery of every description.
Apply for Sale Circular. Solid Gold Eye-
Glasses and Spectacles, only 10/6 per pair.
See Sale Circular.

DRAPERY DEPARTMENT.

French Silk Mixture Cashmere, regular
price 5/11 yard, reduced during sale to
2/11. Apply for Sale Circular. French
Floral Satens, silken finished, usual price
-10½ yard, now selling at -6½. Navy and
Black Cheviot Serges, for sea-side, regular
price 2/6 yard, during sale 1/9 yard. Wool
Cheviot Homespuns, regular price 1/0½
yard, selling price during sale -6½ yard.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT.

Lace Mantles, excellent quality, usual price
45/- and 35/-, reduced to 21/ and 18/9. See
Sale Circular. Silk Tudor Mantles, richly
trimmed, of every description, regular
prices 90/- and 75/-, to be obtained during
sale only at 52/6 and 39/6.

COSTUME DEPARTMENT.

The New Linen Costumes, usual price 45/-,
Sale price 29/6. See Sale Circular.

LADIES' OUTFITTING

DEPARTMENT.

A large assortment of Ladies' Shirts and
Blouses; a special lot. Sale Price 1/11 and
2/11. Hand-made Night-Dresses, beauti-
fully trimmed, selling at the low price of
2/11 and 3/11.

HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.

Dent's Gloves for Ladies, 4-button, first-
class quality, reduced to 1/6½. Dent's
Gent's Gloves, 1 and 2 buttons, to be bought
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can be had during sale only, at 2/6 and 4/3.
Apply for Sale Circular.

WINE DEPARTMENT.

38, NEW BRIDGE STREET, E.C.
Claret - Mouton d'Armailhaq, fifth
growth, vintage 1888, bottled at the
Chateau, 33/- per dozen. A Good WINE
WELL SUCCEEDED.

CIGAR DEPARTMENT.

38, NEW BRIDGE STREET, E.C.
Cigars - Havana, 1888 crop, original
prices, no advance.

PROVISION DEPARTMENT.

Finest Smoked Bacon, by whole or half
side. -8½ per lb. Finest Canadian Cheese,
by the cwt., 52/-, by the half or quarter
cheese, -6 per lb. Finest Brittany Butter,
now in perfection, in 1-lb. prints or 28-lb.
baskets, 1/2 per lb.

SPIERS AND POND'S STORES,
QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.



of the majority of women with moderate dress allowances. Indeed, for all ordinary purposes I don't think one could want anything better than a thoroughly good and well-finished velveteen, such as the "Louis," which is famous throughout the kingdom. As far as appearance is concerned, it certainly is all that can be desired, and it wears wonderfully well—facts which may safely be said to have been proved by its continued and increasing popularity. It is made in every imaginable colour and shade, some of the light colours for evening wear being very beautiful. Exquisite shades of pale sea-green, tender pinks, and delicate blues contrast favourably with richer tones of yellow and crimson, and yet you can get "Louis" velveteen at two shillings a yard. It is wonderful, is it not?

What do you think of a tea gown of this material in a beautiful shade of sage-green, opening over a front of pale blue silk, beautifully embroidered with metallic beads? The huge sleeves to the elbow might be finished off with a deep frill of creamy lace, tied with velvet bows, and I should have large revers of the embroidered silk bound with an edging of velvet. A jabot of lace, continued below the waist, and caught with an ornament matching the embroidery, would, I think, be a finish to a very lovely gown. I have had this idea carried out in the accompanying sketch, and I hope that when you are having a new tea gown made it may be of some use to you. Only be sure to get patterns of the "Louis" velveteen, and you can then select some colour which may suit your personal taste. Heliotrope with tea-rose yellow silk would look well, and also grey and rose-pink; but, of course, there are endless combinations which will suggest themselves, and which will introduce your own favourite colours.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

Throughout the length and breadth of the land the principal subject of discussion is, without doubt, the forthcoming royal wedding, and loyal subjects of all classes and ages are busying themselves with gathering together suitable offerings for the betrothed pair. In a case such as this, where the number of the presents is certain to be something stupendous, and where the duplication of certain articles is bound to take place very frequently, it stands to reason that the safest and most acceptable presents would take the form of diamonds, for Princess May will, as the Duchess of York, have exceptional opportunities for displaying any ornaments of the kind which may be given to her, while no woman living would object to receiving any number

of diamond tiaras or bracelets, though the multiplication of other articles is apt to pall in time. This being the case, I should strongly advise any corporation or committee interested in the presentation of a wedding gift to lose no time in paying a visit to the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, for, noted as they always are for their magnificent stock of perfect diamonds, they have gathered together a specially wonderful array of superb gems, suitable for presentation to the royal bride. Such tiaras and necklaces, pendants and bracelets, you do not often have an opportunity of seeing, and not only are there diamonds, but matchless pearls without a flaw, great emeralds and rubies, and exquisite turquoises. As to the prices, you can spend hundreds or thousands, as you will, getting wonderful value in either case, for the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company make a great feature of supplying the public direct at manufacturer's cash prices. Whether you are giving a present or not, it will really be worth your while to call in at 112, Regent Street and see this unique collection of jewels.

While on the subject of royal wedding presents, I must give vent to my own opinion on the subject, an opinion which is, I am sure, shared by a great number of people, and it is this, that if only a number of towns and counties would combine in giving one magnificent gift, instead of each expending their money in some comparatively insignificant present, it would be far more satisfactory and acceptable, and a representative national memento would be lastingly secured. I hear that a movement is on foot to suggest and, if possible, carry out this idea, and I do hope that it will be successful.

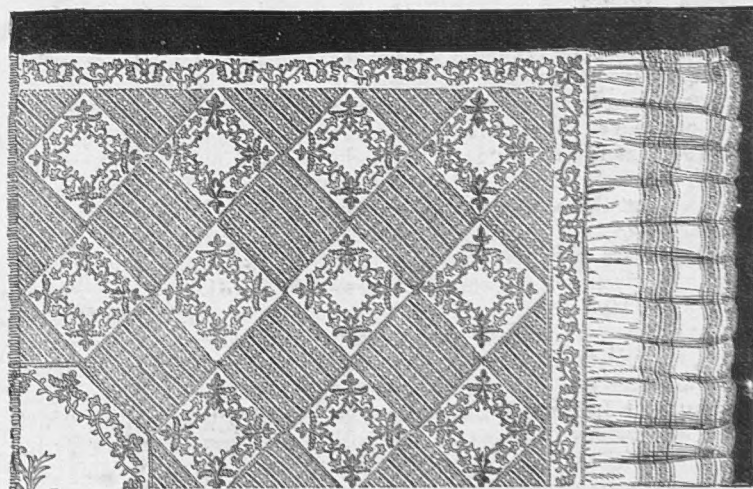
A NEW PERFUME.

Speaking of the royal wedding, I must not forget to tell you about a delightful new perfume, called the "Betrothal Bouquet," which has been brought out in honour of the occasion by J. Grossmith and Son, 85, Newgate Street, E.C., whose name always brings to my mind the recollection of various exquisite scents which have made their name famous. This new perfume has been dedicated by special permission to Princess May, and its subtle perfume suggests the fragrance of white roses and may. It is a delightful souvenir of the great national event, and one which will be particularly acceptable to women, the majority of whom have a very pardonable weakness for perfumes. I had a bottle of the "Betrothal Bouquet" the other day, and it is so lovely that I should certainly have fallen a victim to its fascinations quite apart from its present significance and association, though they are bound to add to its popularity just now.

AN INTERESTING COMPETITION.

Twenty pounds is a very nice useful sum, and when one considers how many pretty things can be obtained by its means it appears even more desirable. Well, any of you who are clever with your needle have a very good chance of adding this nice little pile of sovereigns to your pocket money or dress allowance, for the "Lion" trimming manufacturers, of Short Hill, Nottingham, have just announced their seventh needlework competition, and are offering a first prize of £20, four prizes of £5 each, and ten £1 prizes for the most tastefully made and prettily trimmed garments, made either by hand or with the sewing machine, the only condition being that the "Lion" trimming is used. I have got an illustration of the beautiful bed-spread which took the first prize of £20 in the sixth competition, the maker being Mrs. Bartlett, of Topsham Vicarage, Devon. I hope some of you will go in and win, and if one of you should carry off the first prize be sure you let me know. I should much like to compete myself, but my talents do not lie in that direction.

FLORENCE.



THE FIRST PRIZE IN THE "LION" TRIMMING COMPETITION.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

Oh, the eccentricities of the summer game! In cricket, as Charles Collette used to say, "There never ain't no knowin'." We find, among other vagaries of the game, our friend the enemy from Australia well beaten by a very scratchy South of England team to the extent of ten wickets, and a few days later they bowl over—literally as well as metaphorically—a fairly strong team of the Players of England.

It was in the South of England match that Alec Hearne, the little Kent professional, proved, not for the first time, what an excellent all-round cricketer he is by his fine innings of 120. Alec is not a showy player, nor is he fast or sensational in any degree, but he knows the game, and plays it almost as well as the Master himself. In this match, too, W. G. was not far behind with his 66, but the Cambridge contingent—C. M. Wells, L. H. Kay, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, and J. Douglas—did not altogether come up to expectations.

Perhaps the Players' match at Lord's showed the most strange and eventful history of all. The wicket had the appearance of being in first-rate order when the Australians went in first to bat, and knocked up what was considered a very moderate score of 189. But for the fact that Tyler, a Somerset professional, was tried late in the innings, and secured

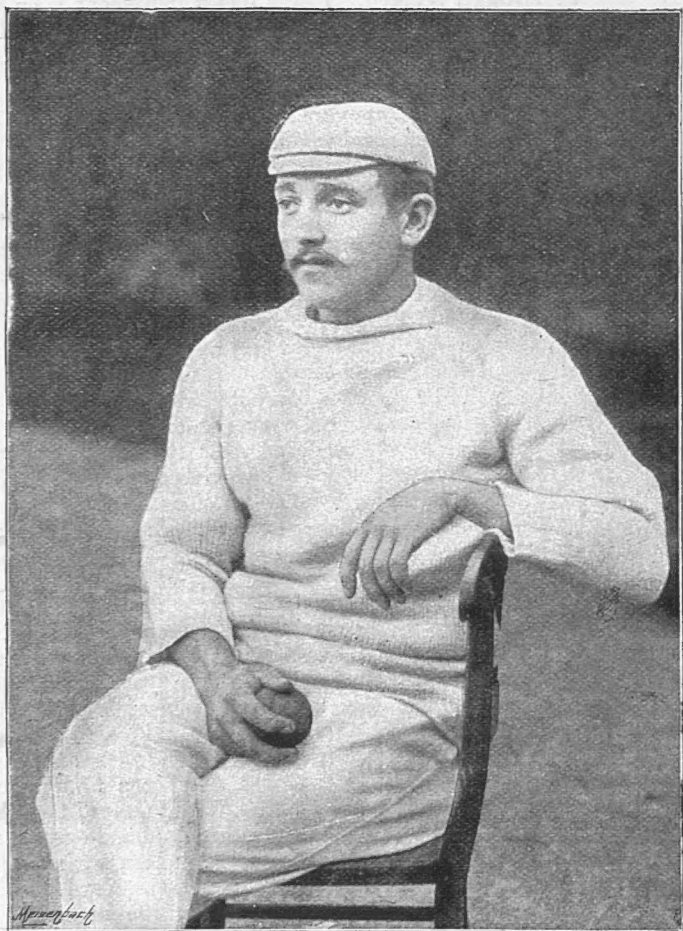


Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

J. T. HEARNE.

six wickets for 33 runs—a wonderful performance—the Australian total would have been very much larger. As it was, the cognoscenti rather laughed this little score to scorn. Of course, the Players would double it at least. Probably the first two men, Gunn and Chatterton, would get all the runs between them.

Never prophesy unless you know. Gunn got a single, Bean 5, Barnes a duck, and the others between them made up a miserable total of 89, or just 100 runs behind. "Do I sleep, do I dream, or are there visions about?" The only vision about was a gentleman named Trumble, a young giant of six feet three, who bowled right through the innings at one end, and fairly stuck up some of the best bats in England. If Tyler's performance was wonderful, that of Trumble was miraculous. This instrument of destruction secured seven wickets for 31.

The poor Players had to suffer the ignominy of what is technically known as a follow-on. Their second innings was better, and at one time promised so well that there was even a ray of hope that the Players might win after all. Thanks to some good batting by Gunn, Bean, Chatterton, and Lockwood, the home side scored a total of 173, which gave the Australians 74 to get to win. This the Cornstalks got for the loss of four wickets, and with this victory once more rehabilitated themselves in public favour.

After passing through a trying ordeal against Shrewsbury's eleven at Nottingham, the Australians meet the North of England at Manchester to-morrow. With the generosity of true Britons, let us hope that luck

will attend our distinguished visitors. The men of the North can make up a great team, and no doubt they will try to emulate the performance of their brothers and rivals of the sunny South.

Up to a certain point things went swimmingly with Yorkshire in the county championship matches. They came, they saw, they conquered everything until, on their own ground at Leeds, the Tykes came athwart the men of Lancashire. The latter had just been doing a good turn to Surrey and Middlesex and other aspirants for championship honours by thrashing that team of masters and veterans which has its head-quarters in the cricket-producing county of Notts. It was a big thing for Lancashire to win their first county match against Nottingham, and though the Lanky lads are, in a measure, out of the running for honours themselves, they can still upset the best laid schemes of county men by defeating the first favourites. This they did in rather an extraordinary manner by an innings and 9 runs. Against a score of 169 for Lancashire, the Tykes could only place totals of 107 and 53. This state of things was chiefly due to the sensational bowling of "boy Briggs," who, in the second innings, obtained eight wickets for 19—a performance that will take a lot of beating on a dry wicket.

The match between Yorkshire and Surrey, which begins at the Oval to-morrow, will be fraught with great issues for both sides. It is one of the test matches of the championship series, and each side will doubtless make a determined effort to pull it off. If it be at all possible, I believe that George Lohmann will be asked to assist Surrey; but I doubt whether we will see the great bowler in the cricket field yet awhile. Surrey certainly has no lack of bowlers, but I know that the prayer of the committee for a long time has been that a left-handed slow trundler would drop from the clouds—a full-fledged qualified member of the Surrey team.

Next Monday will be the battle of the Blues at Lord's. As a society function the Oxford and Cambridge match is the fixture of the year, and as an exposition of cricket it is altogether delightful, not only on account of the form of the students, but because of the keenness with which it is played. The glorious uncertainty of the game attaches more especially to this particular fixture, for, as a rule, the non-favourites win. Last season Cambridge was expected to have something of a walk over, but, thanks to some magnificent batting by Messrs. Jardine and Hill, the Dark Blues gained a highly creditable victory. This season Cambridge appears to be the better all-round team, and perhaps for this very reason they may not succeed. Batting is supposed to be the strong point of the Oxford eleven, but, excepting in the early college matches, they have done little to build up a big batting reputation. F. S. Jackson, the Cambridge captain, is certainly one of the best all-round amateurs of the year; and although L. C. N. Palaret, his rival commander, has perhaps the reputation of being a first-rate bat, he does very little himself with the leather.

ATHLETICS.

It seems strange that Englishmen cannot hold their own against Americans in the cycling world. Last season Zimmerman came and carried off almost everything in the way of honours, and this year W. Sanger, of Milwaukee, who, by some strange means escaped the eagle eye of the licensing committee of the N.C.U., carried off the one-mile championship, which is considered the chief honour of the year. He did not care to risk defeat by entering for any of the other races, and, having secured all he wanted, returned to his native country three days after the championship. The five-miles event was splendidly won by A. J. Watson, of the Polytechnic, while A. W. Harris, who was supposed to have both events at his mercy, had to be content with second place in each instance. The tricycle events fell to F. Bramson, who has long been one of our best riders on the three-wheeled machine.

Before Sanger took his departure he succeeded in making a new world's record on the new Herne Hill track. With a flying start, he covered a quarter mile in 27 4-5 sec. He also reduced the British record for a mile to 2 min. 10 1-5 sec. Last season Zimmerman was able to give Sanger twenty yards start in half a mile, and if he can give away this distance to the new English champion this year Zimmerman must be a prodigy indeed.

Messrs. Holbein and Bidlake were successful in beating the twenty-four hours' tandem record by thirty-five miles on June 21. They rode a "Marlboro' Swift" tandem, made by the Coventry Machinists' Company, and covered 333½ miles in the twenty-four hours.

One of the junior readers of *The Sketch* has a grievance against our artist who recently depicted the Civil Service Sports, as G. P. Constantine—the winner of the senior boys' race—was omitted from the place of honour deserved by him.

The Amateur Athletic championships will be held at Northampton next Saturday. For the 100-yards event there is no one likely to touch C. A. Bradley, the present holder. E. C. Bredin stands an excellent chance of winning the quarter mile, and, probably, also the half mile. Harold Wade, if properly trained, may retain the mile event, although he may have a dangerous opponent in W. E. Lutyens, of Cambridge University. The four miles should see a magnificent race between C. E. Willers, S. Thomas, and F. E. Bacon, while the steeplechase may fall to James Kibblewhite. H. Curtis should retain the walking championship, and Godfrey Shaw is likely to attain his ambition this season by winning the hurdles.

OLYMPIAN.